THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1027 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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MacArthur Rides Again

GENERAL MACARTHUR seems intent on turning the Korean into a world war. Some idea of his state of mind can be gained from the communiqué that he issued last Monday, when the reason for the enforced retreat of American and South Korean troops from the Manchurian frontier had become clear. "The Communists," he asserted, "have committed one of the most offensive acts of international lawlessness of historic record."

It is characteristic of the disdain in which the General holds both his Commander-in-Chief, President Truman, and the United Nations that he released this communiqué without bothering to consult either Washington or Lake Success. Moreover, its tone bore little relation to the directives under which the United Nations forces in Korea have been ostensibly acting since the 38th Parallel was crossed. At this critical moment a British-sponsored resolution was carried in the Assembly that Syngman Rhee's sway should be limited to Southern Korea and that a U.N. Commission should immediately proceed to take charge of the North. We understand further that confidential instructions, suggested by the British and fully approved by the State Department, were sent to Tokio. They urged MacArthur, if it were militarily possible, to halt his advance at the isthmus and so avoid contact with the Chinese forces which would be bound to cross the Yalu river in order to screen the Manchurian border and protect the valuable hydro-electric works.

Once again, as in the case of Formosa, General MacArthur has deliberately disregarded the clearly expressed purposes of his superiors. Syngman Rhee's writ now runs in North Korea as well as South of the 38th Parallel; and the United Nations Commission has been mysteriously prevented from even starting on its journey across the Pacific. In this way the pacification which was the only justification for crossing the Parallel has been effectively frustrated. The conduct of military operations shows the same flagrant disregard for directive. Having announced the end of North Korean resistance after the final round-up near Pyongyang, MacArthur ordered the South Korean and United Nations troops to cross the isthmus and to occupy the three Northern provinces right up to the Chinese and Russian frontiers. Since, on his own jubilant admission, there were no further North Korean units to destroy, this was pure provocation; and it has produced the inevitable clash with Chinese troops. To describe this clash as "one of the most offensive acts of international lawlessness of historic record" is to be guilty of the double-talk which we find so distasteful in totalitarian mouths. If we translate MacArthur's rhetoric into plain English, it means that he defied his instructions, provoked a military incident on the Chinese frontier and so risked that spreading of the war which the British Commonwealth representatives at Lake Success, with a good deal of help from Mr. Acheson, have been trying so hard to avoid.

We are not surprised that MacArthur has behaved in this way. His actions are in conformity with his character and with his expressed determination to restore Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek to power, even at the cost of involving his country in war with China. Nor are we surprised that, in the last days of a singularly dirty election campaign, in which war hysteria has been deliberately stimulated by the Republicans, President Truman has been unable to crack down on the General who is his most formidable political opponent. We *are* surprised, however, that the British Government limited itself to disapproval of South Korean atrocities and raised not a murmur of public protest against MacArthur. Such self-restraint serves no good purpose. We are pledged to support United Nations action and not the antics of an insolent military politician. As the only nation, apart from the U.S.A., which has sent a large land contingent to Korea, we have the right and the duty to ensure that our soldiers are not used to provoke a general conflict in Asia. Britain has rightly and successfully urged that Communist China should be given a chance at Lake Success of answering MacArthur's charges. Mr. Attlee should also make it clear that Britain demands the full recognition of Peking by the U.N., and that, if British troops are to remain in Korea, the Supreme Commander must be a man in whom the British people have confidence.

America Veers Right

The chances of a let-up in the Cold War are not improved by Tuesday's voting in the United States: the results of these mid-term elections afford little encouragement to hope that the way is paved for more liberal American policies, either abroad or at home. True, there

has been no Republican landslide; Mr. Truman's party has secured, on paper, a workable (though appreciably reduced) majority in the House, and retains control—by the barest margin—of the Senate. But, though Senator Lehman, a liberal who actively opposed the vicious McCarran Act, won in New York, there have been serious casualties in the Democratic ranks. Scott Lucas (the party leader in the Senate), Millard Tydings (chairman of the Armed Services Committee, who blasted McCarthy's wild charges against the State Department), and Elbert Thomas, chairman of the important Labour Committee, have all lost their seats; and in California, where the Republican tide flowed strongly, the Fair Dealer, Mrs. Helen Douglas, was routed by the egregious Richard Nixon of the Un-American Activities Committee. Moreover, on the Republican side, not only did Senator Taft score a win for the Right Wing in Ohio, but such stalwarts of reaction as Senators Millikin, Hickenlooper and Capehart were duly elected, while Democratic losses in the State Governorships significantly included the defeat, in Connecticut, of Chester Bowles, New Dealer of the Roosevelt era. All in all, it looks as if the Republicans had successfully exploited anti-Red hysteria as an electoral weapon. The President will now be increasingly at the mercy of the conservative Dixiecrats who nominally support him. Not only have the chances diminished of any progressive social legislation; the position of Mr. Acheson and the less chauvinistic elements in Washington has been gravely impaired.

Tibet and Viet Nam

Indirectly, the approach of American armed forces to the Manchurian frontier is already leading to a regrettable "toughening" of Chinese foreign policy in other sectors of Asia. It is not merely a question of growing bitterness against the United States; the "invasion" of Tibet, launched at a moment when the Tibetan mission in New Delhi was about to go to Peking for friendly discussions, was a step taken with needless disregard for Indian susceptibilities. There was never any question of India's disputing Chinese suzerainty over Tibet; but, since 1911, Tibet had enjoyed *de facto* independence. It is quite probable that the Tibetan people in some areas welcomed the entry of the Liberation Army—certainly no serious resistance appears to have been encountered—but no one outside Asia is likely to be convinced by the statement put out by the "New China News Agency," that military action was essential in order to prevent Tibet being used by the "Western Imperialists" as a "continual base for an invasion of New China."

It seems equally clear that quite substantial Chinese assistance has lately been given to the Viet Minh. Writing from Hanoi—whose tenure by the French now seems precarious—a correspondent, in an article on a later page, suggests that a truce might be concluded if French forces were replaced by a United Nations' contingent, whose task it would be to preserve order during the transition to full Vietnamese independence. It is a suggestion well worth consideration; but the immediate need is, first, to associate New China with the work of Uno.

The Wages Front

The wages front is now wide open, and almost every big union whose members have not received very recent advances is on the move. But it does not follow either that a wages crisis is at hand or that we must look forward to a wave of strikes. Arbitration still stands in the way of any open trial of strength; and, if the various arbitration tribunals now proceed to make moderate concessions, it is unlikely that the trade unions will defy the law by rejecting their awards and striking for larger concessions. It is much more likely, with a Labour Government still in power, that moderate all-round advances will be accepted for the time being—only to be cancelled before long, at any rate in part, by a further increase in the cost of living. When that has happened, there will no doubt be further pressure; but such matters move slowly, and loyalty to the Labour Government is a powerful deterrent to drastic action designed to speed them up. All this is contingent on the various tribunals playing their part. The miners have accepted a very modest increase, which will go almost entirely to their worst-paid members. The agricultural and postal workers have also accepted moderate concessions. Now comes the turn of the railway workers, the engineers and shipbuilders, the rest of the transport workers, the local government officers, and, no doubt, the civil servants. The world armament boom has reinforced devaluation in making room for increases without adverse effects on the export trades; but at the same time, by forcing up import prices, it has made inevitable a further rise in the cost of living, which will prevent moderately higher wages from swelling unduly the demand for consumption goods. In effect, the often threatened major wage crisis need not be yet upon us if the arbitrators act with common sense.

Miners and Teachers

Among those who have already been promised advances, the miners and the teachers call for special mention. It is surely a new principle in arbitration to award a global sum and then leave the trade union to decide how to distribute it. In industries where there are several powerful unions standing on broadly equal terms such an award would hardly be possible; and even in coal mining it has brought the separately organised group of winding enginemen, whose claims to higher rates have been rejected, to a renewed threat of strike action. The tribunal has set a somewhat dangerous precedent. As for the teachers, it was clear that something had to be done for them, and the new Burnham award at any rate goes a long way towards meeting their basic claims. But it is not very satisfactory to substitute a flat-rate allowance for graduates for the previous system which differentiated according to the academic class secured: nor are the advances in general big enough to do much towards removing the present difficulty of getting enough even tolerably good science teachers. About the new arrangement which will leave special allowances for the higher or more responsible posts to be dealt with at local discretion, without any uniform system, it is not possible to say much at present; everything depends on how the local education authorities now handle the problem. Pressed as they are simultaneously with demands from the Ministry for economies in total expenditure and with the need to spend more in order to fulfil their accumulating obligations under the 1944 Act and also to meet rising basic salaries and other costs, they will not find it too easy to be generous enough to have much effect in attracting better teachers for the more advanced classes, even in "arts" subjects. The Burnham Committee has not solved the problem of reconciling "parity of esteem" between new and old types of secondary school with the need to make teaching attractive to really good teachers.

Dismissal of an Editor

During the last ten years Mr. Edward Hulton has won the reputation of an enlightened press proprietor who realised that the contents and the integrity of his papers were important as well as their circulations. His most conspicuous success has been *Picture Post*, which was founded just before the war, gained an immediate sale of more than a million copies and proved, under Mr. Hopkinson's editorship, that a popular and financially successful weekly could avoid the stereotypes of propaganda and tackle awkward subjects in an honest and objective spirit.

The occasion of Mr. Hopkinson's dismissal was significant. The disagreement between editor and proprietor arose over an article by Mr. James Cameron, describing, as *The Times* correspondent and others had already done, atrocities committed in South Korea, and urging the United Nations to end this disgrace. The result was not, as Mr. Hulton seems to have hoped, to withhold this unsavoury information from the public. Indeed the *Daily Worker* printed much of the information—the truth of which is not denied. The *Daily Mirror* made sure that it received the widest publicity. Mr. Hulton's action provides unanswerable propaganda for the Communists assembled in Sheffield.

Mr. Hulton has himself testified to Mr. Hopkinson's integrity and ability. There are now very few British editors who can do their job without fear and without dictation. Perhaps it is because the relation of editors and proprietors of popular papers might be altered by a Press Council that the commercial proprietors are apparently so adverse to accepting the Royal Commission's proposal.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
NOVEMBER 18
Autumn Books Number

PARLIAMENT: Three Tries

Wednesday

IT is a tradition in the Commons that the formal speeches on the Humble Address shall be uncontroversial. But Mr. Churchill is now too old to have respect for that tradition. As someone has put it, he is now old enough to have God worried. So, when Clifford Kenyon and Jim Johnson had said their set pieces on the Motion to the Address, the Old Man charged in, with Shurmer snapping at his heels. Without wanting, he said, to be controversial, he reserved the fullest freedom to criticise the tardiness, inefficiency, insufficiency and failure of the Government and promised at least two motions of censure—one on housing and another on controls—to which the Liberals added another on the cost of living.

Attacked from front and flank, Labour backbenchers had to support a policy about which few failed to reveal anxiety. Tory spokesmen attacked the Government by demanding more Ministerial protection for free enterprise.

The three crises overlapped, and the first three days gave to most speakers the headache of worrying about which they ought to worry most. Controls followed living costs, and defence got mixed up with a plea for nationalised water in a patchwork quilt, until on Friday the pattern was seen and the House settled down to Colonial matters. Though not before R. A. Butler showed again that when he takes a walk with his friends on policy he generally walks alone.

Monday's debate got off to a false start. The Premier had promised that the Minister of Health would wipe the floor with the Leader of the Opposition. The House was crowded to see the sight, only to learn that Mr. Churchill would not be the Minister's instrument for this novel hygiene. Marples, the builder who forsook the building of houses for the more congenial building of power stations, moved the Censure for the Opposition. He belaboured the Government for its failure to build houses and for devoting labour and building materials to building power stations instead. For almost an hour he argued against nobody that there is no technical reason why we could not build 300,000 houses a year. On the point of issue—what would be the policy of priorities followed by his party—he refused to be drawn. In this he but trod before his Leader, who declared for power first. The facts might follow.

The Minister of Health spoke, as always, cleverly. His case was good and his devastation of Marples complete. Yet many of his sallies left his benches silent. To assert the impossibility of a higher achievement than 200,000 houses a year may be the only way to avoid eating the seeds of progress. But it is cold advice to those who once hoped to achieve the impossible.

The Liberals snatched their crowded hour on Tuesday. The object of placing their Amendment was difficult to discover. Their spokesmen wearied even their supporters. And of the nine, three failed to find their way into the Lobbies in support of their own Amendment. For the rest, Tory arguments in the Debate were half-warmed hangovers of previous efforts. Each of them separately—cuts in Government expenditure, reductions in subsidies and the rest—would mean an increased cost of living, at least for the poor. The Opposition Motions failed, and the problems remain—decently shrouded but not dead. And if Churchill has succeeded in highlighting Chuter Ede's slip about our power to be independent of Marshall Aid, sufficiently to reach America, they may haunt us still more yet.

TOM WILLIAMS

Our Private Shaws

WE'VE been writing appreciations and obituaries of Bernard Shaw ever since his 70th birthday. But when we have done with him as a dramatist, socialist, philosopher, pamphleteer, public orator, vestryman, vegetarian, anti-vivisectionist and the rest, we have still no more than touched the fringe of a splendid subject. G.B.S. was so big that we all have our private Shaws. It would be easy to make a book out of his contributions to this journal alone. He was a frequent contributor to *The Nation* as well as to *The New Statesman* which he helped the Webbs to found in 1913. Clifford Sharp, its first editor, has described his exasperation at having the most brilliant writer of the day willing to contribute every week, but unwilling to sign his articles, so that the editor got all the blame for their extravagant opinions with none of the credit for having Shaw as a contributor. They parted company on this, but in 1914 Shaw's "Common Sense about the War" appeared as a supplement to this journal and created the greatest fuss in Shaw's life.

One of his most spectacular interventions in the inter-war years was his reply to Wells in 1934, when this journal printed the authorised text of the Wells-Stalin conversation. This, with the whole controversy it provoked, was printed as a Christmas pamphlet with a cover by Low. Another Shaw contribution that especially sticks in my mind was the long letter he wrote demanding that we should call off the war after the defeat and partition of Poland in October, 1939. He continued to contribute, with no visible loss of energy, up to his death. When the controversy about the Play of Ideas started here early in 1950, Shaw wrote to say that he would come in at the end and "wipe the floor with the lot of them, if necessary." He was as good as his word. The letter from him which we published on September 16th was, I think, the last thing he wrote before his accident.

Rummaging through a package of Shaw's old letters, I find one written privately to me in March, 1942, one of the blackest months of the war. I must have complained that some remark of his made light of this crisis. He wrote:

> An editor must never let the news upset him . . . To him the collapse of the British Commonwealth in the Far East must be as much in the day's work as the collapse of the Spanish Empire in South America or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* . . . We shall not be consulted, and can only look on at the antics of Homo Insapiens, and keep up a running commentary on them . . . To the born editor news is great fun, even as the capsizing of a boat in Sydney Harbour is great fun for the sharks . . . I have advised the nations to adopt Communism, and have carefully explained how to do it without cutting one another's throats. But if they prefer to do it by cutting one another's throats, I am no less a Communist. Communism will be good even for Yahoos . . . Clifford Sharp let himself be rattled by the sinking of the Lusitania which did not matter a damn beyond bringing in America on our side. Hong Kong and the rest are more serious; but they are not the end of the world. So again steady, boys, steady, to fight and be conquered again and again.

G.B.S. always held that life is unbearable if one thinks of it in terms of individual success or suffering, but fascinating if one analyses biological and economic changes. While in private life he was endlessly courteous, benevolent and secretly generous, he never let humane sympathies enter into his public judgments. Sometimes his Carlylian acceptance of force and his Marxian determinism distorted his judgment. He defended Mussolini and Hitler and surmounted any difficulties about the U.S.S.R. by the simple expedient of declaring that Soviet Communism was merely Fabianism and that Stalin could be sacked at ten minutes' notice.

In this as in any other criticism of Shaw it is wise to be cautious. Shaw was also at times a crusader for freedom—and not only the dramatist's freedom from censorship. In his many volumes of Swiftian prose you will find few finer passages than his indignant protest against British atrocities in Egypt in the Preface to *John Bull's Other Island*. But in that play Shaw was writing as an Irishman. There are many Shaws, and the more you know of him the more you discover.

THE EDITOR

Surrender to the Pentagon

WHAT should be our reaction to the Russian proposal for a Foreign Ministers' conference on Germany? Certainly, we should ensure that the agenda includes something more practicable than the "Prague Resolutions." Caution is justifiable. But unhappily, in London as well as Washington, there is a tendency to regard *any* conference on Germany at this time as an embarrassment. It is argued that, if the Foreign Ministers met this winter, the conference would upset the unity of the West and deflect us from our prime task of building our "Atlantic" defences and integrating into them the economic and military strength of Western Germany.

Let us at least be clear where we stand. If the real objection to a Foreign Ministers' conference is that it will hold up our plans for re-arming the Germans, then it is time we stopped talking about a Russian propaganda stunt and frankly admitted that we no longer have any intention of even trying to settle the German problem by negotiation. We should announce that, whether the Russians are willing to de-militarise their 18 million Germans or not, we are going ahead with the re-militarisation of our 42 millions. If that is really the view of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Shinwell, as well as of Mr. Attlee, then the onus of refusing to negotiate about Germany rests squarely on Britain and America.

We are sure that every member of the Labour Government would indignantly and quite sincerely deny this charge. The steps by which Socialist Ministers have slithered from categoric opposition to German rearmament into a position where, by their own attitude, they are making a negotiated settlement impossible, have been gradual. They did not make the deci-

sion to rearm Germany at the Cabinet table, but found it made for them by a series of events of which they were scarcely aware. Those events culminated last week in the deplorable spectacle at Washington of a British Socialist Defence Minister slanging a French Socialist Defence Minister for resisting an American ultimatum to which no decent Frenchman could possibly accede and which Mr. Bevin himself denounced as a disastrous blow at Franco-German unity when it was first ventilated by Mr. Churchill last spring.

How could such a thing happen? The answer is fairly clear. The Korean affair, by exposing the immediate weakness of America's land forces, compelled the Western world to undertake a precipitate rearmament. It was felt that what happened on the 38th Parallel could be repeated in Berlin or on the zonal boundary which divides Germany. At all costs the military fences must be re-built in the shortest possible time. But when those fences in Western Europe are examined, two things are clear: first, that France cannot be defended on the Rhine; and secondly, that the Elbe line cannot be held in a world war without German participation. At this point the American pressure for rearming Germany, which previously had been merely a part of a general desire to re-build Western Germany as an equal partner in Western Union, became an imperative of military logistics. When Mr. Bevin arrived in Washington last September his view was that any talk of German rearmament would jeopardise both Franco-German conciliation and the chances of a Peace Treaty with Russia. When he returned to England, he had been converted by the Pentagon into an adherent of a German army. The strategy for winning a war had overridden the policy for averting it.

Has this surrender paid dividends? By joining the chorus of American generals, who chant that Europe is indefensible without full German participation, we have merely exposed our weakness to the Germans. We have scared the common people who were already defeatist enough to applaud a Socialist spokesman when he stated that Germany would prefer to be Bolshevised without a war than to be turned into a battlefield for the convenience of the French; and we have given the Officers Corps and the Nationalists the opportunity to extorting from us any terms, however exorbitant, for their co-operation. The more we advertise our military weakness and talk about war, the harsher Germany's terms will be for consenting to be rearmed.

The effect in France has been even more serious. Betrayed once again, as they feel that they have been, by Britain, the French are putting up a desperate rearguard action. But, if Anglo-American pressure continues, the Pleven Government and the shaky basis of French democracy are in peril. Mr. Moch is gallantly standing out for full Federal Union as the price of German rearmament. His plan is immediately impracticable; but at least he can hope to retard the Atlantic defence which it was the whole purpose of Mr. Acheson and Mr. Bevin to accelerate.

It is against this background that the proposed Foreign Ministers' conference should be considered. Whatever advantages it has for the Russians, it gives the British Government the opportunity to regain its freedom of action, to restore our relations with France, and to liberate our foreign policy from its enslavement to the Pentagon. We have often argued in these columns that one of the few surviving bonds which unite East and West, is our common interest in keeping Germany demilitarised. The Slav countries fear an Eastern Germany army as much as any sane European or Englishman fears a Western Germany army; and so far neither side has done nothing irreparable. The *Bereitschaften* consist of about 50,000 men and are said to be equipped with light tanks. But the Russians, who organised them, could disband them within a few weeks if they had a motive for doing so; and in Germany, where contact between the German Generals on both sides remains so intimate, any secret revival of the *Bereitschaften* is out of the question. Here, in fact, is the one part of the world where disarmament and demilitarisation could be effective despite the Cold War.

It will be argued that the Russians would not agree to any such plan. This may be true. If they explicitly reject it at the conference table, the case for permitting the Bonn Government *Bereitschaften*, of a similar strength to those in the Eastern Zone, will have been established; and French objections to this extent removed. What is sheer criminal folly is to accept the Western Germans as partners in Atlantic defence—and so to burn the last bridge between West and East—before discovering whether the Russians are ready for a hard-headed, limited settlement which leaves Germany divided, but also demilitarised. American soldiers, whose job is to plan for the next war, are bound to think such a settlement "unrealistic." But if we take their strategy as the basis of our foreign policy, we make the war inevitable. That, for a democratic politician, is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

These "Feeble" French

Ever since 1940, if not before, it has been customary in the English-speaking world to regard the French as "feeble." Yet, when you come to think of it, the French recovery since the war has, in fact, been very remarkable, and nearly everybody will agree that, thanks largely to M. Monnet and his Plan, Marshall Aid and other American loans and subsidies have been used effectively. Most of the £2,000 millions received from America under various labels since the war has been put into industry, and French production figures are far in excess of 1938. Thanks largely to the huge hydro-electric plants built since the war, electricity is more than 50 per cent. above pre-war; gas and refined petrol are up by 50 per cent.; coal by 15 per cent., and the general index by about 30 per cent.

There are many weak spots—building is one. Although slightly more building is done than before the war, there should be very much more, if account is taken of the war destruction. Paris is hopelessly overcrowded, and even a couple of furnished rooms are the object of the most scandalous "key-money" and other rackets. There is, in fact, a good deal of poverty in France, but it is more a case of individual hardship than of mass poverty, such as exists in Italy. For the rest, workers, government and other employees are badly underpaid; but, on the whole, there is more *insuffisance* in France than downright *misère*. The maldistribution of wealth is very much more marked than before the war, when, compared with Britain, wealth was rather more evenly distributed in France. Not so now. Wages—except in the case of those with large families, who benefit greatly from family allowances—are abnormally low; they range commonly from 10,000 to 15,000 francs a month.

There is much justified discontent; but it may be said that, at present, it is not an acute problem, and the fear of a rise in prices, following massive wage increases, possibly followed by unemployment, is having a restraining influence at present on the trade unions. Moreover, the trade unions are not in a very favourable position: less than half the French wage-earners are trade unionists, and they belong to various rival federations—the (predominantly Communist) C.G.T., the Socialist F.O., the Catholic C.G.T.C., besides other "autonomous" unions. The estimated membership of the C.G.T. is about 3 million; that of the F.O., 700,000; and that of the "Christians" just over a million. The tendency among employers to play off one against the other does not make things any easier. Many of the employers are extremely tough, some clearly hoping to bring back the good old pre-1936 days when they had their workers at their complete mercy. Cases of post-strike victimisation, particularly against C.G.T. "ringleaders," have been numerous.

There is, however, practically no unemployment in France, the present official figure being lower, at 120,000, than any figure before the war. In many industries there is, if anything, a labour shortage. Not that rearmament has, as yet, greatly affected French industry; some signs of reconversion to war needs have been observed at Delahaye and some other automobile plants, but the leading motor firms continue to make cars. Indeed, one of the chief French complaints against America is that, under the rearmament programme, France would prefer to make much of her equipment herself, rather than import it from the U.S.A.

There is certainly a much bigger wealthy middle-class—a vast army of old black-market veterans, but also thousands of other *riches* and *nouveaux riches*, people who, for instance, account for the difference between the cauliflower that costs two francs on the farm in Brittany and 50 francs at the Paris greengrocers. The 48 francs difference is, obviously, not solely explained by taxes and transport costs. In this way, perhaps millions of people in France live well, spending their money in bars and restaurants and expensive shops rather than at the tax inspector's office, and keep the wheels of business and industry turning. Admirers of free enterprise *a l'americaine* all sound very pleased. The inevitable inflation which the budget deficit will cause is not

frightening these people unduly—France has *always* had deficits and inflation!

And never mind about the working man. When he becomes too troublesome, he can be called a Communist, and that makes him pipe down! For it is not *bien vu* to be a Red in France now, or even to be thought one. So far, the Government is still hesitating to take any drastic steps against the C.P., but the arbitrary arrests of hundreds of Spanish Communists, many of whom have been sent to camps in Corsica where they cannot be visited even by their lawyers (one such lawyer who ventured to go to Corsica was promptly arrested by the police, on orders from the Prefect), are indicative of something. They were clearly intended as a measure of intimidation against French Communists generally, and also—perhaps chiefly—as a sop to American opinion. Among the French Communists there is now a genuine fear that their leaders may be arrested, as they were in 1939 and 1940.

On the parliamentary plane, it is clear that everything will be done to reduce the number of Communist deputies from 180 to next to nothing, and that, whatever the exact terms of the electoral reform, on which the Government parties still haven't agreed, its Number One objective will be to rid Parliament of the Communists—even if these represent 30 per cent of the nation. More or less academic discussions go on daily in the press on whether Communism is an opinion, or merely treason. All the same, it is admitted that the bulk of the working-class, a large part of small employees, some peasants and intellectuals are still Communists, and will vote accordingly. In spite of everything, they still appeal more than the Socialists to those who like "revolutionary traditions," who are disgruntled, and underpaid, and also those who have been genuinely impressed by the Communist peace campaign. So, if the next elections were held on the same basis as in 1946—but they won't be—the number of Communist seats would scarcely show any serious decline.

That, however, applies to election time; in ordinary, everyday life in France one is struck by considerable political apathy. Even in the industrial suburbs you will see workmen on a bus reading *France-Soir* or a sports paper, rather than *l'Humanité*. All these people seem to live from day to day, and not bother excessively about the Destiny of France. What matters most is that there should be no war; and the Americans, for that reason, are in the main about as unpopular as the Russians. At a suburban cinema the other night I watched a savage Korean newsreel, followed by a documentary glorifying the American air force; the cries of *Assez, assez!* suggested that the French audience were much more scared than reassured by all this display of American military efficiency and readiness to "defend peace."

Over the French "Empire" there is either indifference or disillusionment. Everybody would like to hear the last of the war in Indo-China which is ruinous and inhuman, and gets thousands of Frenchmen killed off, and does little to maintain the legend of France's superior colonial methods. What news there is from North Africa is not very reassuring either; the recent visit to Paris of the Sultan of Morocco produced, in the non-Communist Left-wing press, a crop of *reportages* which told a story of savage exploitation and of French support for the worst type of feudalism. Among large sections of the French people there is a genuine sympathy for the nationalist aspirations of the peoples of Madagascar, North Africa, and other parts of the "French Union," and there is an uneasy feeling, which was loudly voiced in the recent Assembly debate on Viet-Nam, that from being, on the face of it, the most liberal of colonial Powers, France has, with her massacres in Madagascar and elsewhere, become perhaps the most reactionary. But the state of the world to-day is such that anyone deploring brutalities in Africa is either conveniently called a Communist, or else reproached with playing into the hands of the Communists. And so, in the name of anti-Communism, the feudal exploitation of Morocco and the concentration camps in Madagascar will be given another lease of life.

The fear of "sounding like Communists" sometimes hopelessly cramps the style of the French Socialists. They have now declared that no government is possible without them any more. With their emphasis on social reform, their hostility to German rearmament, and their (albeit somewhat utopian) internationalism—compared with which the Labour Party is very *terre-à-terre*—they may prove a valuable moderating influence on their colleagues to the Right; on the other hand, they may, in effect, become their prisoners.

Paris, November. ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be concluded)

Dublin Diary

I HAPPENED to be in Dublin when Bernard Shaw's death was announced; the news had to compete with an attack on Truman's life and the definition of the new Dogma in Rome. I met a man who agreed with me in thinking Shaw the greatest of the many great Dubliners of history. Another asked whether Ireland would have been better off if, instead of Shaw being born in Synge street, Synge had been born in Shaw street. The Irish Premier, in a tribute notable mainly for its reticence, said that after all Shaw had been loyal to Ireland. The newspapers carried long obituaries. But no one said very much about Shaw's politics or about the religion of *Back to Methuselah* and the *Black Girl in Search of God*. Even a gathering of professional literary people, who were singing and reciting to each other, failed to pay any tribute to Shaw—perhaps from forgetfulness, perhaps from fear that he would prove as controversial in death as he had in life. Even *John Bull's Other Island* raises difficulties; it states Shaw's concept of a truly Catholic religion, expounded with characteristic perversity by a priest who is mad. In brief, if the prophet had too little honour in his own country, that was mainly because few Irishmen today care to offend the Hierarchy or run the risk of sincerely praising one who often called himself a Communist.

The influence of the Church has greatly increased in the last few years: the Protestants I met deplored, but failed accurately to define, the ubiquitous influence of Catholic Action. There are Jesuits who take a long-term view which may make them comparatively liberal in education, but the main trend of the Church Militant today is to use anti-Communism as a divinely sent opportunity to repress every kind of liberalism. Privately I heard the question asked why no Irish Cardinal had been recently created—was it that the Vatican did not approve, for prudential reasons, of the extreme obscurantism of the Hierarchy in Ireland? Is there are no riots at the Abbey Theatre today is it not because no one would dream of producing the *Tinker's Wedding* or the *Plough and the Stars*? The Knights of Colombanus are said to exercise a surreptitious but powerful influence on the books that are published, the direction of the censorship and the choice of boys for the jobs. Violence is not far below the surface, as a lady learnt when she received brickbats instead of signatures for the Peace Petition. An extreme Nationalist body, the Architects of the Resurrection of Ireland, join with the egregious Captain Cowan in demanding armed intervention in the North, and it is they, I believe, who put up a poster "Death to the (English) language." The name of another extreme organisation, "Maria Duce," at one blow announces both a religious and a political attitude. These extremists even agitated recently for the removal from the Constitution of the measure of tolerance now guaranteed to the Church of Ireland and other religious bodies. More serious, perhaps, is a tendency in the courts to make decisions which seem to be based on religion rather than law. In one notorious case, the two Catholic judges outvoted the one Protestant judge and decided in favour of giving the custody of a child of a mixed marriage to the Catholic father, even though custody had already been awarded to the mother in an English divorce court, where the husband had been divorced on grounds of flagrant cruelty. Mr. Christopher Gore-Grimes, the Secretary of the Council for Civil Liberties, himself a Catholic and a lawyer, fights these tendencies with much courage and ability in the courts; in the present temper of opinion he can seldom hope to win, but his fight serves at least to keep alive the notion of justice and of toleration.

* * *

After long conversation with people of many ways of thought, I have come to doubt whether any group of people in the whole of Ireland really wants to end partition. I know individuals who do, and all the political parties say they do. But the individuals seem to me exceptional, and the parties to be mainly "shooting a line." After all, if partition ended, all party organisations, programmes, pensions and jobs would be in the melting pot. Politicians might then be forced to admit that Nationalist aspirations were finally fulfilled and that social change could no longer be avoided. I doubt whether the Catholic Church itself wants to share the field with 800,000 Protestants who are now superb material for propaganda. In the course of 25 years many have acquired vested interests in maintaining partition. What would happen to

the Dublin industries which "assemble" cars from England and do similar doubtfully necessary work behind the protection of a tariff? Every industry in Dublin—except talk—would face a bleakly competitive wind from the North. I was lucky enough to see some of the country not far from the Northern border and to hear about the habits of smuggling. It is apparently on a very lucrative scale. The subsidies that the British Government pays to the Northern Ireland farmer make it highly profitable to smuggle sucking pigs across the frontier, and the farmers to whom I talked agreed that they got a good price for the pigs and were most careful not to know who was the ultimate purchaser. In brief, I concluded that there is a very solid vested interest in smuggling and that it extends a long way both North and South of the frontier. Who then is left to want the end of partition? The poor of Dublin and the land-workers everywhere will shout for a Nationalist leader, and even perhaps fight if they are called on. Ask them individually, they tell you that partition is all politics and baloney. The price of oats and potatoes, the rising cost of living and the fact that there are still to-day about as many condemned houses and one-room family dwellings in Dublin as there were in 1938, or, for that matter, after the First World War, is to them far more important than whether the Pope or the King of England has the last word to say in the Six Counties.

* * *

The choice before the Irish Republic is fairly simple. If the Irish wish to maintain neutrality and, possibly, as they did in the last war, escape from the rapids of world politics, they must keep clear of the Atlantic Pact, go on cursing the British and refuse to allow the Vatican to bring them into the anti-Soviet crusade. In that case they must also preserve partition at all costs, since the Six Counties are an integral part of the Western defence system. If, on the other hand, the Irish leaders feel that they are in any case involved in the ideological and strategic battle, they have a way of ending partition. They might put forward proposals for joint defence of the whole island—a proposal which I believe the North made in 1940. It would be hard for any British or Ulster Government to refuse military conversations, and to accept them would surely be the beginning of the end of partition. No Englishman can advise Southern Ireland on which course to take, but the British Government is entitled to say that, for the first time in history, it is Irish policy in leaving the Commonwealth (which was a perfectly sensible thing to do if she intended to be neutral), and not British Imperialism which now perpetuates partition. The British have an appalling record in Ireland and the Government of the Six Counties is in many ways very bad, but the fact remains that the Ulster Government is legally elected and an integral part of the defence system of Britain; no British Government could take Belfast by the scruff of its neck and kick it out of the Commonwealth because it refuses to be part of a Catholic isolationist and neutral country and prefers to be British.

* * *

If I were Irish I might well choose isolation, relying on long-term factors to unite Ireland, and try to turn the minds of Ireland from nationalism to Socialism. Discussing the possibility that Ireland might again preserve some basic culture in a barbaric world, I recall the story told (as so many are) of W. B. Yeats. In the first World War, it is said that he was accosted in Dublin by an angry Englishman who asked what he was doing in the Great War. Yeats is reported to have replied: "I am the civilisation you are fighting to preserve."

CRITIC

WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Commons' reconstructed shrine
Unites the new and old,
Adapting an antique design
To innovations bold.
The medieval modernised
By firms of fame, as advertised,
In aid of legislation,
Impregnable this House will stand,
Resting on long tradition and
TROLLOPE and COLLS' foundation.

The bulwark of our liberties
Defies the lightning-stroke,
For REDPATH BROWN'S steel structure is
Lined with JOHN ASHWORTH'S oak;
Our M.P.s' seats are firmly based
On massive frames, embossed with taste
By WARING and by GILLOW,
And when a voice cries "Who goes home?"
They buoyant bound from LATEX FOAM
Supplied by DUNLOPILLO.

The light of truth its radiance sheds
About the Commons' ways,
Through OSRAM lamps above their heads
Dispelling ancient haze.
FALK STADELMANN'S fixed floodlights drench
M.P.s recumbent on the bench
In attitudes symmetric,
And those who catch the Speaker's eye
Stand haloed in fluorescence, by
The GENERAL ELECTRIC.

The accents of democracy
With golden cadence fall,
Whether addressed to vacancy
Or to a crowded hall.
The FIBREGLASS acoustic roof
Renders the Chamber echo-proof,
Though tapestried and padded—
The mumbled question now rings clear
As Front Bench answers, when they hear
That nothing can be added.

The air of freedom fresh and pure
All Parties now inhale,
Maintained at even temperature
And never flat or stale,
For OZONAIR through vents and shafts
The Chamber sweeps, in wholesome draughts,
Preventing suffocation—
The atmosphere is warmed and dried,
Fanned, filtered and humidified
By BENHAM'S installation.

Though in the old familiar scene
Though still beneath a Gothic screen
As in the past they sit,
From Parliament's improved hygiene
The Realm will benefit.
From all-night sittings they will rise
With keener minds, with brighter eyes,
With firmer resolution;
Despite the rigours of debate,
This House will reinvigorate
The Commons' constitution.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

He pleaded guilty to robbery with violence but not to committing a serious offence.—*Daily Mirror.* (L.M.)

The wife's prayer for divorce, based on cruelty allegations, was dismissed. She said her husband studied books and pictures of women. *Evening Standard.* (I. Parsons.)

Professor —— goes so far as to say that unless the class struggle is made clear in any production of *Figaro* it has failed in its effect.—*Daily Worker.* (D. N. MacKenzie.)

Mr. ——, who was shot by a dog on Tuesday, was stated at White Lodge Hospital, Newmarket, last night to be fairly comfortable.—*The Times.* (L. S. Shaw.)

Fifteen schoolgirls from Norwood Technical Institute, at Knight's Hill, occupied the first three rows of public benches at Croydon Magistrates' Court on Friday morning, during the hearing of a case of alleged indecent assault. Aged from 16 to 18 years, the girls were there for educational purposes as part of their commercial course.—*Croydon Advertiser.* (D. R. Davidson.)

Horsham Rural Council's chairman, Mr. S. D. Secretan, to-day suggested that some other word should be found for "kiosk"—"we don't want Russian words in our language," he said.—*Brighton Evening Argus.* (P. Emery.)

The Tories and Housing

ARITHMETIC and electioneering usually make bad bedfellows—most of all when the arithmetic involves a contrast between a direct, immediate benefit and more distant effects. Beyond question, it would be possible, on certain conditions, to build 300,000 houses a year—or indeed, 400,000. We got beyond 350,000 at the peak of the inter-war building boom; and that level could be surpassed if we were prepared to devote to house-building all the man-power and all the materials required for reaching the target set. The question is not whether the Tories' demand is impracticable, but what sacrifice of other objectives its attainment would involve. To-day, the building and civil engineering industries are employing roughly 1,500,000 persons, nearly all males. This total is well over 100,000 above the numbers employed in any pre-war year except 1939, when war construction had swollen the civil engineering labour force. In those days, it used to be reckoned that, roughly, it took a man a year to build a house. Productivity is lower to-day, though it has been rising recently from the very low level of a few years ago. At the very least, an extra 100,000 houses a year would mean the employment of an additional 100,000 building workers—not counting the many thousands who would be required to produce the bricks and all the other materials that would have to be supplied. Whence are these 100,000 and more to come? Is the labour force of the building industry to be increased by diverting workers from other occupations and, if so, from what occupations? Or are extra houses to be secured by cutting down other kinds of building?

Schools and other cultural buildings are no

doubt among the Tories' destined victims; but these types of constructional work have been severely cut already in order to prevent restrictions on total investment from interfering unduly with the re-equipment of industry. Today we are pledged to a huge rearmament programme which is bound both to make further claims on man-power for the Services and munitions, and to involve additional work for the constructional trade. It will be hard enough under these conditions to maintain, as Mr. Bevan has now promised, the present rate of 200,000 houses a year.

It is no doubt possible to argue theoretically that the world rearmament boom means a prolongation of the sellers' market, and that accordingly, we need not bother our heads for some time to come about improving our efficiency or reducing our costs in order to export more. It is on this assumption, presumably, that the Tories would urge deferment, in favour of housing, of the new industrial construction which is necessary if we are to bring our productive equipment up to date. But, even if we ignore the long-run effects of such a policy—which we can ill afford to do—it cannot be gainsaid that an augmented housing programme would involve immediately additional imports—for instance, of timber—apart from demanding the services of an enlarged labour force. It is easy to talk of squeezing more workers out of the less essential trades; but how many redundant civil servants or shop assistants do we expect to be able to turn into builders? The new recruits to building, if house-building were to be expanded at the expense of other industries, would have to come mainly from fairly young men capable of outdoor work; and these, especially in face of a larger intake into the armed forces, are the type that is scarcest.

Yet the demand for new houses is insistent. Moreover, it is true that the present level of productivity in the building industry, though rising, is still appallingly low. Clearly the rate of house construction must be increased as fast as we can contrive to do it without disaster to the rest of the national economy. But the only quick road to more houses that does not involve the risk of disastrous economic repercussions elsewhere is that of much higher productivity; and there is not the slightest chance of our getting that without a reorganisation of the building industry which the Tories would oppose with all their might as a Socialist onslaught on one of the main strongholds of private enterprise.

Why are building costs so high in terms of man-power as well as money? Not because the builders get high wages; they do not. In April of this year, the average adult man's wage in building and constructing was 140s. a week, as compared with an average of 151s. 8d. for manufacturing industries generally, and 145s. 9d. for all the industries covered by the official returns. For coal-miners, including juvenile workers, the average was 179s. 8d. The trouble is, not that the builder earns too much, but that he produces too little; and the main reason for this is that the industry is for the most part organised on a basis that makes high productivity impossible. There is too much time lost in waiting for materials or for the job to be ready for the particular trade concerned. There are far too many employers, among whom contracts get shared out in a way that resembles the parcelling out of land in over-populated peasant countries. In consequence, there is too little mechanisation and too little continuity of work with a particular firm, so that really co-operative squads working to a well-understood plan do not get built up. There is too little standardisation of materials and components, because there are too few large orders to make standardisation worth while. There is too little pre-fabrication of components; and what there is represents mostly production on too small a scale to encourage economic mass methods.

These conditions demand drastic remedies; but even drastic remedies cannot yield large immediate results. New house production reached a high total in the 'thirties because there was plenty of surplus labour on which to draw, and because much of the surplus came from the heavy industries and was adaptable for building work. It is sheer nonsense, under present conditions of full employment, to suggest that the conditions of the pre-war housing boom can be reproduced today. It is no less nonsense to suggest that the required man-power for more house building (at present man-power costs) can be diverted from other kinds of building without grave effects on exports; the consequences to the health and educational programme, to which both parties are pledged, would also be disastrous.

The right answer, however, to the Tories' housing stunt cannot be merely a negative. The Government should give a definite undertaking to tackle the building industry—as it needs to be tackled—by fundamental alteration of its entire structure. In an article published by this journal during September it was argued that the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives was right in holding that a considerable sector of the industry is dead ripe for nationalisation. This need not touch the small firms engaged in repairs and decoration. The aim should be to create large regional corporations capable of undertaking the construction of entire housing estates and of insisting on the rationalisation of the industries supplying essential materials. Inevitably, such changes would take time. They would require new capital investment, both in the building industry and in the ancillary trades which serve it. They could not yield, for some time to come, anything approaching the 100,000 additional houses for which the Tories are clamouring at the moment. But neither could any other measure that would not wreck our economy as a whole; and, unlike the Tories' demagogic demand for more houses at any price, this approach would offer the prospect of bringing down gradually both the money costs and the real costs of housing. Instead of tinkering with beet sugar, the Government would be much better occupied in meeting the Tories' housing challenge by showing that the real way to get more houses is to cut down the cost of building them, and that there is no hope of doing this by the obsolete methods which private enterprise in the building industry continues to employ and has no intention of abandoning.

G. D. H. COLE

Why Not Peace in Viet Nam?

(By a Correspondent)

HERE in Hanoi, every honest observer must agree that the Viet Minh, despite Communist leadership and Chinese aid, is a broad-based nationalist revolt against colonial rule. French forces, American aid and embryonic Bao Dai battalions are being consumed in an exhausting, futile struggle to suppress a patriotic movement which has the support or sympathies of the vast majority of the Vietnamese population. Quite apart from the situation in Tonking, the Viet Minh continues to hold a large proportion of the country, including several of the central provinces, a considerable part of the Ca Mau peninsula, and the Plaine des Joncs in the South. Even in "pacified" areas of the Red River delta, roads are constantly cratered, arms and ammunition are accumulated, and peasant women trudge with basket-loads of propaganda pamphlets. In French-occupied cities such as Hanoi and Saigon, the Vietnamese press, until a rigorous censorship was imposed a few months ago, expressed open sympathy with the Viet Minh. Even Bao Dai's Ministers emphasise the moral status enjoyed by the Viet Minh in the eyes of the population: "*Ce mouvement a le prestige de lutter.*"

The Bao Dai experiment, aimed at rallying nationalist feeling behind the French Union, totters on the shakiest of foundations. Almost every member of Tran van Huu's Cabinet is an ex-official formerly in French service. For example, the new chief of police played a leading part in suppressing the Cochin China nationalist rising in 1930 and 1940. Such officials tend inevitably to cling to the skirts of French authority; and, although control of the police has officially been handed over, French policemen remain very much in evidence in the streets of Hanoi "by request of the Bao Dai police commissioners." Nationalist sentiment can hardly be attracted by a regime which so openly displays its dependence on the French; nor do the people of Viet Nam attach great importance to the concession made by the French, that Bao Dai may send official emissaries to foreign capitals. The hard fact is that export trade, Customs, postal communications, immigration and the Treasury—all the key points of the State—remain in French hands.

But the main psychological liability to the Bao Dai regime is the presence of the French army. No foreign army of occupation is likely to be popular; and the French Expeditionary Force, composed largely of Legionaries, Moroccans and Senegalese, has done little to make itself loved. Requisitioning, forced labour and reprisals for "incidents" are inflictions doubly resented when they are endured at the hands of alien troops. The unpopularity of the occupation in the countryside is beyond dispute. This is a savage war; but acts of cruelty perpetrated by Viet Minh soldiers do not make any less unjustifiable the methods borrowed from the repertoire of Nazi Germany and Japan and employed on Viet Minh

prisoners by some French officers. One French officer who interrogated, with blows, a prisoner in my presence remarked to me: "*Il faut souvent se servir des méthodes qui ne seraient pas convenables dans un pays civilisé.*" The methods in use include, apart from normal beating-up, the administration of electric current to the rectum and enforced drinking of large quantities of water followed by progressive constriction of the stomach.

Bao Dai's chances are being further marred by the maladroit policy of repression which is being pursued by his Government in relation to trade unionism and the press. The trade unions which have been declared illegal and driven to clandestine activity are now far easier objects of Communist infiltration than they would be if they were legalised. As for the press, an inexperienced censorship is committing innumerable absurdities—from the banning of any reproduction of an anti-Communist article in *Franc-Tireur* to the excision from the Tonking newspapers of the French official communique on the fall of Dong Kee! The newspapers now no longer dare publish any serious political criticism for fear of suspension—a punishment usually imposed without any reason being furnished.

In this tragic situation there seems to be only one hopeful course of action—negotiations with Ho Chi Minh. It is hardly to be expected that the French will do what the Abbé Boulier urges them to do, and take the initiative in approaches to the Viet Minh leader. This means that the only alternative to a continuation of the present barren and shameful struggle, with or without increased U.S. aid, is that the Security Council, with French consent, should itself open negotiations with Ho Chi Minh. The basis of such negotiations might be (1) the withdrawal of all French forces and their replacement by a U.N. contingent which would guarantee the integrity of Indo-China's frontiers and (2) an unconditional declaration of Vietnamese independence followed by elections organised under U.N. auspices.

Hanoi, October 27.

Germans to the Front?

In Germany people still remember that order—"Germans to the front"—issued by the British Commander of the United Forces in the Boxer rising and familiarised in the school books of my generation. Would it find any response among Germans of military age today? My impression is that it would not. Having travelled this autumn up and down the country, talking to the men in the street—labourers, clerks, teachers and civil servants—I reached the conclusion that, for once, the Germans are being untrue to their bellicose tradition: they are nauseated by the idea of another war, and the prospect of putting on again the uniform they used to like so much makes no appeal.

What about the senior ex-officers expecting a glorious comeback? Many of them, of course, are longing for a return to the good old days; but even they make certain reservations. Consider, for example, the conditions laid down in the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* by Colonel Friedrich von Bötticher and endorsed by many of his former brother officers. Before agreeing to serve again, the Colonel demands "restitution of the professional soldier's honour," not to mention cash down for all arrears of pay since May 9th, 1945! As for the younger ex-officers, I spoke to many and found them all—including one who was awarded the Knight's Cross—unanimous in their reluctance ever again to wear uniform. Whatever the *alte Herren* may think, and whatever may be the calculations of the big Ruhr industrialists, expecting fat profits from rearmament, it is significant of the real trend of public opinion that the popular illustrated weeklies have been vying with one another in publishing anti-war statements by ex-heroes decorated with the Knight's Cross and the Oak Leaves.

It is noteworthy too that, when it was recently decided to put the so-called "industrial police" on a para-military footing, the occupation authorities had considerable difficulty in finding recruits. Between 60 and 70 per cent. of the men who had served strictly as civilians in this organisation were prepared to throw up their fairly well-paid jobs rather than sign an undertaking to carry a rifle and submit to a form of military discipline. Equally significant was the recent nation-wide appeal of women, sponsored by the Hamburg *Frauenring* and its 21 subsidiary Unions, the Protestant and Catholic Unions, the Federation of Professional Women and the women's groups of the chief political parties. "We mothers protest against Germany's rearmament because an armed conflict would be tantamount to suicide. . . . We demand that no decision about West German rearmament be taken without first referring it to the vote of the nation, including its mothers." A referendum? If it were taken now, it would certainly produce overwhelming majorities against rearmament, against conscription or anything resembling "remilitarisation." Indeed, when Dr. Adenauer replied that a referendum would be unconstitutional, influential voices were raised in a demand for new elections with the question of rearmament put plainly forward as the main issue.

Then there is the influence of the Churches. Addressing a meeting of 15,000 Churchmen in Frankfurt on October 15th, Pastor Niemöller read a letter which he had received from a general who claimed that he had just been put in charge of a new Staff Command at Würzburg. Admitting that "it would be foolish to deny that rearmament in Western Germany has actually begun," the Pastor appealed to the Bonn Government not to create a *fait accompli* without first ascertaining the wishes of the nation. His appeal was echoed by the *Bruderrat*, which represents the type of confessional church which played a courageous part under the Nazi regime. "Is this the sort of democracy in which we wish to live? Once again we face the danger of drifting, without our consent, to battlefields under the leadership of our politicians and the generals of the old Wehrmacht."

Drift is the operative word. It cropped up repeatedly in the talk of one of the few sensible Ministers whom I interviewed—a Minister still friendly to Heinemann, the former Home Secretary who resigned from Dr. Adenauer's Government on this very rearmament issue, only to be replaced by one of the more notable reactionaries. "Drift" was the word used by editors and journalists to whom I talked, and who were beginning to wonder with disquiet what the mood might be in Western Germany if the East-West tension continued for another year or two, with no determined effort to find a *modus vivendi*. Yet they all agreed that the present mood of the people was for peace. It is a mood which a popular Düsseldorf weekly summed up in its comment on a statement credited to General de Gaulle. He was quoted as saying: "The Germans, after all, are the only people who know how to handle the Russians properly." The answer was: "We don't want to handle any Russians. All we want is to live." It seems a reasonable desire.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

So They Say . . .

The Sheffield Peace Congress, which opens next week, was brought to the notice of newspaper-readers only when the official line of disapproval could be emphasised. Until last week very little had appeared outside the columns of the *Daily Worker*. There had been a relatively benevolent paragraph in the *Manchester Guardian*, an editorial in the *Daily Telegraph*, a front-page headline in the *Daily Herald* (NEW "PEACE FRAUD" WARNINGS), and a *Sunday Dispatch* "special": SEVEN ON "PEACE" CONGRESS WELCOMING COMMITTEE WILL NOT BE THERE.

The *Observer*, in Pendennis's "Table Talk," acidly pointed out that "the Czech delegation has announced its intention of presenting every member of the Peace-loving Congress with an illuminated poem which makes the following kindly suggestions: 'Wherever the American G.I. sets foot he will be murdered, poisoned, set aflame, beaten, starved, baked as in hell, and this will happen in France, in Greece, in Bulgaria, in China, in fact everywhere'." So far, publicity had been modest in scale, if uncomplimentary in tone.

Mr. Attlee's broadcast, however, was big news. The *Daily Mirror* printed it in full on its main feature page; the *News Chronicle* gave it a column on page 1 and an editorial ("Double Think"); and the *Daily Worker* furiously called it an "angry, lying, hysterical speech." The *Daily Herald* added the news that Sheffield printers were refusing to print the Congress four-language news sheet "although offered Russian type and compositors." The *Daily Graphic* wanted to know where the newsprint for "Stooges' News" was coming from.

The press conference held by Congress representatives Professor Bernal, J. G. Crowther, and Ivor Montagu to explain the Organising Committee's invitation to Mr. Attlee to address the Congress, and its stated aim of exploring the possibility of peaceful co-existence of Communist and non-Communist peoples, was

less widely reported. It was ignored by the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Express*, *News Chronicle*, and *Daily Herald*, but the *Manchester Guardian* gave it a column, as well as a paragraph on the Committee's uneasiness lest the Government might wreck the Congress by the "technical trick" of refusing admission. The *Guardian* disclosed that, of the 1,900 nominated delegates, three Syrians and two Uruguayans had so far received visas.

It Pays to Advertise

In support of its ceaseless campaign for more newsprint, in the interests of informing and educating its readers, the *Daily Express* recently ran a graphic description of what Pittsburgh was like during its newspaper strike, under the headline: RUMOUR, PARALYSIS, CORRUPTION—IF BRITAIN HAD NO NEWSPAPERS! The story, however, made it clear that what Pittsburgh missed most was not the news but the advertisements, for business of all kinds suffered.

In this connection, and since the new newsprint restrictions have come into force, is it impertinent to enquire whether the *Express's* anguish at having to revert to an occasional four-page issue (A BITTER DAY FOR THE DAILY EXPRESS) has any connection with the fact that advertisements in its four-page issue cannot practically exceed 6 columns, whereas in recent six-page issues it has averaged 14 columns? The "lost" two pages consist, in fact, of 35 per cent. advertising (the rest is mainly features) compared with an average of 20-25 per cent. over the whole paper.

Party Arithmetic

The Tories won the Scotstoun by-election with an increased majority, but a vote reduced by 800. There was, this time, no Liberal candidate. Last time he got 2,023 votes. The *Daily Herald's* sole comment was: "The result shows that, although the Labour vote has fallen by 1,880, the combined Conservative and Liberal vote is down by 2,823 . . . ."

AUTOLYCUS

G. B. S.

It is hard to believe that Bernard Shaw is dead. Through more than sixty years two generations looked up to him as the most vital mind among us. He preached to us and made fun of us; he entertained us and taught us, by turns our conscience and our clown. Rarely has writer so perfectly incarnated his time. Voltaire, whom Shaw resembled in his wit and pugnacity, his common sense and uncommon humanity, was the other dramatist who summed up an era. Shaw, striding through our half-century and its predecessor, with his erect figure and athletic step, beat his fragile predecessor by a decade in longevity, but fell behind him in the volume of his creative output. By his genius the Frenchman bridged the chasm between the sunset of *le roi soleil* and the eve of the Revolution. Shaw's mental journey was longer and even more adventurous. Carlyle was perorating while he learned to speak; Darwin shattered the arrogance of our species while he was attending a Methodist school; Marx's *Capital* and Ibsen's early plays exploded across his path before he was thirty; and then came Frazer and Freud. Lenin's incredible revolution, its Fascist sequels, and the splitting of the atom rounded off his experience of history. Meanwhile, in the world of music which meant as much to him as the world of speech, the splendours and affirmations of his favourite Wagner gave way to the subleties and experiments of Schönberg and Hindemith.

Into this dizzy development, social and scientific, Shaw rushed with the militant ardour of youth, and endured the headlong pace without losing his curiosity and zest. As a nonagenarian he could still wield his dialectical shillelagh. Through three-score years no one could ignore him. He knew how to extort assent from alien temperaments which he had first to shock into listening. He owed his success, even when he repelled us by perverse exaggerations, firstly to his sincerity and then to his craftsmanship and his poetical surprises. There never was a writer of Shaw's rank less inclined to toy with art for art's sake. He wrote to persuade us or else to amuse us. He piled all the odds against himself by his stubborn persistence in producing plays of ideas. And yet he held us spellbound by his consummate craftsmanship. With this skill of his and his inexhaustible gift of fun he compelled two hemispheres to enjoy dramas that preached a moral well in advance of the times.

Of the other gift that served Shaw so well, he may have been barely aware. He posed, in spite of his delight in Wagner, as a man who shunned romance and scorned the romantics. For him there were no half-lights and nuances; he was always the rationalist who worked in the daylight with his analytic conscious mind. From the illusions that spring from sex he seemed to be immune, and (rather too often) in a vein of comedy he would draw for us the dominant huntress-woman. Then, when we were off our guard, this unromantic Fabian would suddenly lapse into poetry. He did it for the first time in the beautiful last act of *Candida*; he did it again when he drew Jennifer Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma*; he did it above all in *Saint Joan* and in some pages of *Back to Methuselah*.

Shaw's readers, after encountering that shy poet on one of his rare appearances, were apt to ask whether he really was as unemotional as he pretended to be. Was he all glittering intellect, a superb brain that dazzles us with its logic, stuns us with its paradoxes and vanquishes us with its ruthless criticism? That may be the truth about "G.B.S."—the nearly inpenetrable mask under which this most reticent of men succeeded in concealing himself. Of G.B.S., he said himself that he is "one of the most successful of my fictions." He was always as shy of confessing or expressing emotion as if he had been brought up "a Stoic" at an old-fasioned English Public School. In his *Sixteen Self Sketches* he went so far as to say that his hatred of poverty was purely aesthetic. It dated from what he saw of the squalid Dublin slums, when he strayed into them as a boy in the company of his nurse. This is, for me, incredible. An aesthete who is disgusted by the ugliness of poverty has an easy remedy at his disposal: he can turn his back on it and forget it. Shaw did something else. From the moment he was capable of fighting, he fought with all his courage and all his intellect to make an end of poverty. Did he do this because his nose disliked the smell of rags? He did it from compassion, because he hated cruelty and injustice and loved all that has life and can suffer pain, the men and the animals alike. Beneath the glittering intellect there burned an emotion so intense that it would have destroyed him had he not learned to find expression for it in irony and argument.

From those biographical sketches a good deal can be divined about Shaw's development. The decisive experience was the wrench he felt when he first realised as a small boy that his father was an habitual drunkard. That ruined his belief in the perfect and omniscient father-image for ever. It is not surprising that this boy became the rebel and sceptic who challenged all authority, defied the pseudo-science of the classical economists, laughed the whole medical profession to scorn, and dared to question the accepted estimate of Shakespeare as a dramatist. Happily for him, his family, though they ranked in Dublin society as nominal Protestants, were addicted to "derisive free-thinking." And so he became that rarest of all beings in mid-Victorian Britain, a happy rebel, who felt no sense of guilt and cherished no wistful regrets for the beliefs he rejected, as the Mark Rutherfords and Matthew Arnolds did. Shaw has told us enough of his drunken father and his bawdy uncle to explain why he became by reaction the ascetic puritan who would touch neither wine nor tobacco, and felt little interest in the physical aspects of sex. We can understand from this record why he had to pose as a paragon of vanity. His swagger meant that he had a hard struggle to overcome an inferiority complex that might have crushed and silenced him. To begin with, he was what he called a "down-start," a poor relation of the rich and respectable Shaws. His schooling was negligible and ended at the age of fifteen. Worst of all, his early life in London was a period of humiliating failure. In nine years of hard work he managed to earn with his pen exactly six pounds. And so, to convince himself that he was not an incompetent ignoramus, he adopted the style of a braggart Cyrano. The pose became part of the G.B.S. legend; he had to keep it up, for it amused his readers more often than it irritated them. Underneath it, I suspect that the real Shaw was one of the most modest, as he was, in my experience of him, one of the most generous of men. For Sidney Webb he felt a lifelong admiration that came near to veneration.

Only a confident prophet could predict what posterity will cherish in Shaw's big output of pamphlets and plays, and what it will hand over to the historian as material for the study of our age. In much of what he wrote he was serving his day and generation with a definite end in view—to sweep away the censor or to turn medicine into a public service. What he had

to say about the wars he lived through was brilliant journalism that carried no lesson. The comedies will never go stale; but what will our grandchildren think of his plays with a social moral? By the end of this century will *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* seem as incredible and out of date as *The Cherry Orchard* seems to the Russians of to-day? But the Shaw who will fascinate posterity was concerned with something more fundamental. In *Man and Superman*, above all in the entrancing dialogue in Hell, and again in *Back to Methuselah*, he stated his ultimate philosophy. He has described for us how he reacted against Darwin's successors and interpreters. He has acknowledged his debt, first to Lamarck and then to Samuel Butler for his doctrine of creative evolution. Bergson contributed something to his mythology of the Life Force, which proceeds by trial and error in its age-long drive to attain self-understanding. But my guess is that the starting point of this train of thought lay in Shelley.

Shaw has told us that he read the whole of Shelley, verse and prose, at the end of his teens, and that it was Shelley who made him a Socialist and a vegetarian. I hear echoes of Shelley and his teacher Godwin in some of the most moving pages of Shaw—in his horror at the cruelty of imprisonment, and above all in his belief in the fundamental equality of all living things. Shaw's insistence that "equality is essential to good breeding," that we must evolve a democracy of supermen, was not a typical Fabian attitude; it was his own faith, and Shelley's. The idea on which all the inspiring mythology of his Methuselah legend is based—that we can create ourselves by willing—this also was one of Shelley's beliefs which he drew from Godwin's doctrine of perfectibility. Even Shaw's Ancients, who had got rid of "the infirmity of sleep" (to use a phrase from *Political Justice*) were anticipated in that enthusiastic vision. Shaw's glory is that after the Neo-Darwinians, he brought back mind to the Universe, and with it, to use his own words, "justice, mercy and humility." With all his daring and originality he belongs to the catholic church of the humanist tradition.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

SHAW AS PLAYWRIGHT

WHEN a man of letters dies, it is safe enough to praise or to disparage his work, because most men of letters are forgotten well within the century. There is little chance that the critic will become a laughing-stock to posterity—an uneasy and ridiculous ghost. When a great writer dies, it is another matter. We suddenly become posterity ourselves, and posterity in its infancy is seldom very clever.

I think we may assume that Shaw was a great dramatist. Although we are rightly proud of the English theatre, he is one of the three or four men of that theatre in the four hundred years of its existence who have attracted attention all through the civilised world. It is necessary to make some sort of groping attempt to discern in what his greatness consisted.

To begin with, we have no points of reference. He appears to be big enough to rank with Marlowe, Jonson and Dryden (when we look at British dramatists as trees walking); but he is not in the least like any of them. This is not to say that he discovered a new way of writing plays. Even in his great conversation pieces he seldom strayed far from the conventions of the theatre of the 'nineties in which he served his apprenticeship as a dramatic critic. Apart from their content, his purple patches were not unlike the purple patches of Pinero and Jones; his comic passages derived remarkably from Gilbert and Wilde in their method of presentation; and the construction of his "straight" plays closely followed the contemporary masters.

His new and sensational contribution to the theatre was that he said what he thought instead of saying what the audience was supposed to think. The theatre of the 'nineties reflected a section of a very highly organised society indeed. This section consisted of those who were able to pay for stalls. The pit and gallery were placated by the ultimate triumph of a stereotyped sort of virtue. The stalls were fashionable. This means that both their thoughts and their manner of thinking them were very strictly defined. In spite of its apparent variety and a good deal of brilliance in expression, the Late Victorian theatre was a very formal sort of theatre indeed.

His enthusiasm for Ibsen taught Shaw that it was possible, within the bounds of theatrical ritual, to express individual ideas and to make the audience like them. He rediscovered the fact that it is possible to interest and edify audiences as well as to hypnotise and entertain them. It is well known that a man will lay down the most interesting detective story to listen to an argument in a third-class railway carriage. Shaw made use of this observation in the theatre. He had few of the purely dramatic gifts of Ibsen which enabled that author to keep a sure grip on the emotions of his auditors. But he had unflagging eloquence and a knowledge of human nature which enabled him to hold attention when even Ibsen was driven to casual pistol shots and screams to keep the stalls awake.

Shaw advanced to the conquest of the English theatre when he was close on his forties. He began by terrorising the mandarins from the pages of the *Saturday Review*, and went on to help to organise a coterie theatre and to write plays. His effort to liberate the theatre—and it was essentially a liberation—was not immediately successful from the material point of view. It is difficult to realise at this date that there were twenty years in the series of comic masterpieces before Shaw conquered the West End of London with his first long run. *Fanny's First Play* ran for nearly two years at the Little Theatre in 1911. By that time Shaw was a famous enough dramatist to hit the town with a parody of himself; and yet hardly a handful of people had ever seen his plays. Even today the West End theatre has not quite forgiven him for the *Saturday Review*. He is still a dramatist for the repertories and the festivals, although eighty per cent of his plays are quite formal in shape and have no difficulty in holding the most ordinary of gatherings.

I have an Agag-like delicacy in approaching the discussion of the quality of these plays. Not long ago, in these columns, there was a symposium on the Play of Ideas. The closing essay was by Mr. Shaw in person. He said, I think, that none of the respectable tradesmen who took part in the symposium gave the least evidence of ever having produced, written, or even seen a play. This was unfortunately true. It was not true of Mr. Shaw's own contribution. While the others talked as clergymen tend to talk of their particular mystery, as it were in a succession of what a leading statesman calls clitches and in a high-pitched artificial voice, Shaw got down from the rostrum and ranged about in the market place. He loved the theatre. It was his church. But he looked on his church as a part of life and not as a thing apart. His plays, with all due respect to his critics, borrow their vivid colours from life.

It is said that he lacks sentiment. This is an odd thing to say about one who had a passion, even as a critic, for what he called "feeling." His stage is peopled with quarrelsome, aspiring, frightened, courageous, argumentative creatures. We certainly miss the stock characters who, temporarily in real life but permanently on the stage, are under the influence of erotic insanity. Shaw was rather afraid of them and, when he did attempt them, seldom handled them very cleverly. In any case, whatever makes the world go round, it is certainly not love; and we should be grateful to a dramatist who can now and again tear himself away from its exclusive contemplation. Religion, business, history, biology, philosophy, art and all non-libidinous human relationships are interesting too and, in the hand of a great craftsman, can be made exciting.

There is this to be said for the critics. Shaw wrote three tragedies—*St. Joan*, *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *Major Barbara*. After a tragedy we expect to come out into the pulsating darkness with our souls purged, as they say, with pity and terror. Shaw gave us the pity and terror; but, like his own Stogumber, he was horrified by what he had done. He had none of the brutal egotism of the great poets. He could not destroy hope. Even in his pessimistic plays (*Geneva* and *Too True to be Good*) he dissolved his fantastic Day of Judgment in laughter. No writer was ever less heartless. His Mrs. Alving would have given Oswald the sun. From the beginning to the end of his life he gave us the sun.

JAMES BRIDIE

INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE

Beneath the well-born weak-lined gentle flesh
Its firmly-moulded bonework did well to sustain
This face's actively upheld nobility. I had the time
To gaze upon a stern transmuted beauty
Not known too kindly to the North in our cold time.
I knew the warmth was there where there were born
That Southern mildness and repression's bleakest whim,
Which is to spoil the good with greatness, till it do its best
To die in surfeit of a passion lean as sin.
But I knew of her nothing less than this:
She could well have played Portia in Spanish
And made it seem the Terry had conceived
To play the cello rather than a foreign bard's guitar.
Attentive, I beheld a less premeditated look
Melting the mask till one could see it once had worn
The serene, robust air as of never-rebuked gaiety
That shakes with laughter round a regally-loved child,
And saw her clamber up, her will supported
By the arms of his gold lace-adorned dark dignity,
Till safe in peril perching, from the lofty balustrade
She overlooked a square where waved and roared
In passionate approval of political Papa
The surging population, as it then looked, of the State.

She'd come down to the mezzanine in person
To welcome us, dismissed the footman, stepped
With lifted dress-train held bunched at the knees
Into the ivory-panelled gilt-grilled lift;
Dismissed her maid, on reaching the third floor,
And shown us down a quite dark passage, hung
With glass-masked pastels—Redon, Morisot, maybe,—
To her most private salon. One could tell
At once how long she must have sat alone,
Sad lady, with the back of her fauteuil
Turned to the uncommunicative view
Of drear palatial faubourg roofs displayed
Between portentous casement draperies.
There in that room the *hôtel's* master had
But seldom entered, though his youth's collections here,
As elsewhere, were the source of all that caught
The roving eye:—a Degas statuette,
A hand-high Rodin piece; upon the wall
Above the fireplace, a nice Géricault—
Two Turkish ladies, or baigneuses; some fine

Old pots, and a miraculously carved
Ivory ball within a ball within a ball
That stood upon the escritoire, still piled
With business correspondence that no secretary
Could have availed much to diminish. "How
Long it has been now since we last—
When was it? Oh, the Occupation? Yes,
I remained here all the time, I held
The fort. A long grim winter. But Eugène,
Of course, had other things to occupy
His busy mind, in South America, than my
Predicament. Nothing changed him; simply we
Became 'loyally indifferent'; or I trust I so
appeared."

Under the weight of false presuppositions hanging
round
Upon all three of us, the other lady frowned
(touched, too; too tired),—
Her constant lit cheroot let fall a not entirely
Inappropriate tiny elegy of ash. Three enigmatic
masks.

Outside upon the Plaza, the huge crowds still
waved and waved!

"God gives us all, yet no-one asks
What it is given for . . ."

DAVID GASCOYNE

The Arts and Entertainment

EURYDICE

M. ANOUILH is now all the rage in the English theatre. No doubt this is because he is of all living playwrights the most theatrical in the best sense of that term. In the bad sense theatrical means producing effects that make us respond more intensely than the situation itself warrants. In the good sense theatrical means achieving effects in the theatre by means that belong only to the theatre and to nowhere else. This is what M. Anouilh in his plays seems to me pre-eminently to do.

Eurydice, which is now translated as *Point of Departure* and presented at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is dated 1941, though stylistically it seems to belong to some ten years earlier—to the tail end of the expressionist movement. I have long admired it in print and so looked forward immensely to seeing it realised. But the result was, I must confess, slightly disappointing, the fault lying partly with the play itself and partly with the acting and producing at Hammersmith. Fascinating as the piece is in its general conception, and filled though it is with charming and effective scenes, it does not seem to me to hold all the way through, while at least two of its big climaxes fail badly.

In this modern version of an old legend a young strolling musician meets the *ingénue* of a touring company in the buffet of a railway station as they wait for their respective trains. From the very first sight of each other their future is set on a fixed pattern, for the boy is called Orpheus and the girl Eurydice, and they must play out these roles from start to finish. First their's is to be, for a brief moment, an experience of the idealised ecstasy of romantic young love. But Eurydice is, by temperament, altogether too pliant to live up to the ideal. She runs away from the situation, is killed in a bus accident, is half-regained and then finally lost for ever, while Orpheus is persuaded that the kind of love that he is cast to seek is not obtainable in life.

M. Anouilh handles this theme with great delicacy and with true poetry in the love scenes, and with a wealth of witty and inventive touches in the decoration of it. Those who have seen *Ring Round the Moon* can imagine what he makes of a station buffet with its dignified old waiter and large-bosomed mute cashier, with its handsome young accordion player and his battered old father,

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with a touring troupe whose farouche leading lady is Eurydice's mother. But the climax to this scene is one of those that misses—through lack of adequate preparation. Eurydice earlier had a lover, a sombre young man in the company, who, seeing her face to face with Orpheus, throws himself under the engine of the train which is taking the rest of the company away and leaving her behind with Orpheus. This suicide entirely fails in its effect because we have had no time to make the acquaintance of the victim. Failure in preparation—one of the worst failures in dramatic construction—is an occupational fault in expressionist drama, and it is one which reappears several times in this play. Eurydice's past life among the travelling actors is very important for the turning point in the middle of the play, yet the other characters involved with her—the florid elderly impresario and the feeble little stage manager—are not introduced to us adequately earlier on, as they might so easily have been (in the original they make a very brief appearance: but for some reason even this is cut in the English version).

But although there is this flaw in the exposition of the Orpheus-Eurydice relationship (a flaw inherent in the writing itself) it must be admitted that the actor and actress playing these central roles have already themselves failed to make them quite convincing. Miss Mai Zetterling has in her mere appearance a haunting appeal; but I give my opinion quite bluntly that her inability to pronounce English or to get anywhere near the correct inflections in her sentences makes her quite unsuitable to take any leading role where she is called upon to speak at any length. She simply leaves a fatal gap wherever she is (as she did in the recent production of *The Seagull*). One appreciates the difficulty which must have arisen both for the producer and for the actor playing with her, once she had been cast for the part, but these difficulties have not been satisfactorily tackled. The two central characters are not a pair of lovers from the real world motivated by the common run of desires and instincts; and therefore the ordinary techniques of realistic acting cannot bring them to life. They are the stylised creatures of myth, and the tone in which they must be played is set by the rhythm of Anouilh's dialogue. Miss Zetterling reduces all her rhythms to a monotonous Swedish gush; while Mr. Dirk Bogarde reduces his to a series of rough and overintense emotional outbursts. A great deal of acting goes on between them, and some of it is very good, as the acting of acting, but it is for the most part strictly irrelevant to the play. They shout and weep, they laugh and groan. But they miss almost entirely the subtlety and variety of their speeches, and that loss is fatal.

In the tradition of French acting, and so of play-writing too, the voice has always been regarded as of paramount importance. Mr. Bogarde—not perhaps unnaturally since he is primarily a film actor—has much to learn about this branch of his art. At least in the company at Hammersmith there are two practitioners of the highest class from whose example he will no doubt profit. Mr. Stephen Murray has a role that is in itself something of a stock part in this kind of drama, the smooth emissary of Death dressed in a semi-smart raincoat. Mr. Murray's speaking of his lines is quite masterly: *he* never has to shout to command a silence or gabble to achieve pace. He spaces the sentences superbly and times the placing of his pauses to perfection. And the variety he infuses into what is a deliberately flat part! Listen to those four occasions in the brilliant little closing scene on which he has only the one word "Yes" to say. What a world of difference and a depth of meaning there is in each one of them! And then compare that with the series of "No's" which Orpheus is given to speak.

In this same scene there is a virtuoso display by Mr. Hugh Griffith. Earlier you may have noticed that, not through his own fault, he was less happy. For in those first father-son scenes with Mr. Bogarde the clash of the two styles of acting was head on. But here, left to himself, when he speaks and acts up for the everyday pleasures of the sensual life against Orpheus's idealisations, he creates a wonderfully living portrait of a seedy, creased old man, for whom life has always been (and still is) worth living, simply because the appetites, however shabby, have performed their daily miracle of regrowth. Mr. Peter Ashmore, the producer, if he quite failed to impose any uniformity of style on the acting or the design of the play as a whole, has at least shown great ingenuity and good judgment in staging the many visual and aural effects which the play offers.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"La Beauté du Diable," at the Curzon
"Occupe-toi d'Amélie," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

The Devil happens to have come my way recently in a variety of guises. Being ill indoors, and temperature calling to temperature, I had plunged deep into *The Brothers Karamazov*—that inspired pandemonium—there to discover *him* squatting late at night by a bedside. Dostoevsky's devils are never less than real, and this one, a sort of infernal poor relation, deployed an ingratiating smirk, soiled linen, and dubious jokes about space-travel. More presentable, or at any rate less disgustingly familiar, was the devil of *Don Juan in Hell*, brought to us in a B.B.C. memorial programme on the evening after Shaw's death. The voice was Esmé Percy's, the stance somewhat that of a *coiffeur* who has opened an art gallery. And when at last I tottered off to the Curzon, there again *he* was, in the unmitigated person of Michel Simon.

Out of this affliction of devils M. Simon's was certainly the most personally captivating; though that person, I may remark, had been filched, in exchange for youthful good looks, from a shambling old Dr. Faust. Where he differs from the Mephistopheles of legend is in his insistence that, whatever may come to Faust, the devil will have a high old time. So with glee he takes on the weaknesses of flesh, winking, leering, roaring, and hopping his way through some months of worldly success in a manner scandalous to his (as they think) old associates. Wine and girls replace the professorial fish supper. A fig for rheumatism: on with the dance! He becomes a frequent, if disreputable, visitor at the palace; he pops out from behind trees and nips across midnight squares; his is the figure, back to us, with the battered hat, in a corner of the meanest tavern. He makes gold. He unmakes gold. He is ready, at the whim of his temporary master, to unveil the future in a mirror, to whisk off to bed a crowded ball-room so that Faust may encounter alone the princess of his dreams. Hell-raising may be his job (what a job, though! as he exclaims after a rumbling prayer to Lucifer), but damnation never blinds him to the spree. With a disarming enthusiasm he can't resist trying for Marguerite's soul, too—she has such a pretty plump one! A little more tact, understanding, and sympathy on the part of Faust, we can't help feeling, would make him the most invaluable of boon companions.

And after all Faust, as refashioned for us by René Clair, owes everything to Mephistopheles: youth regained, the love of Marguerite, the realisation of the hollowness of riches and the menace of power; and off he swaggers along the lanes with a travelling circus, leaving his benefactor to the mob and a final leap from a balcony. Poor devil, who can't escape, apparently, a bad end, or the exigencies of a plot that have enabled Marguerite to snatch the fatal bond from his hand and so send him packing. This is perhaps the most obvious weakness in a film that has an incomparable devil, a Faust more intelligent looking than his part (Gérard Philipe), plenty of fun and prettiness, and that touch of terror without which no new arrangement of the legend would remain Faustian. Its fault is not that Clair has taken his theme too lightly, but that—despite his Mephistopheles—he hasn't enough warmed to it. Funny, charming, cool, unresolved: in the end, satisfying the most superficial film aspirations, the piece just neatly gives out. But that's not to say we can't derive a good deal of enjoyment out of it.

Autant-Lara's *Occupe-toi d'Amélie*—which, by the way, owes not a little to the Clair of *The Italian Straw Hat*—revives a forty-year-old stage farce, with the curtain raised and lowered at intervals on events that carry us half round Paris. Style and a touch of imaginative audacity have raised raw farce to a level of farce well cooked and sauced. Danielle Darrieux is the cocotte driven by circumstances to become a too spotless bride. Some episodes are very funny, though whether the fun is continuous enough is probably a matter of mood and taste.

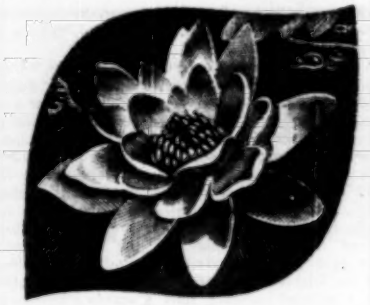
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

IN a week of particularly good programmes, some of which—those that belong to definite series—I shall deal with at another time, the best, it seemed to me, was Ernst Schnabel's feature *A Day Like Tomorrow*, most effectively translated from the German by Mr. David Porter. Herr Schnabel, the author of that memorable programme *29th January*, must be as good a radio-writer, with all that that implies, as any in the world, the peer of Corwin in America and of MacNeice and Dillon here. *A Day Like Tomorrow* may best be compared to a Mass-Observation report covering the events of twenty-four hours, actually February 1st, 1950, of Western Germany. But it was a documentary lifted above the level of reporting by the imagination brought to bear upon it; listening, one's mind went back to those fine films of the Twenties, *Berlin* and *The Man with the Movie-Camera*. There was a similar brilliance in cutting, a sure perception of the possibilities of the medium, the power of the isolated image, which all but a handful of film-makers appear to have forgotten and which have never been exactly common in radio. One winter's day in Germany, then, on which nothing much happened; but the whole given significance by a superb technique—a poetic use of sound—and by the quality of compassion in the author. The programme was very well acted, and very well narrated by Mr. David King-Wood; and Mr. Heppenstall's production was admirable.

Mr. Michael Wharton's reminiscences in feature-form of Bradford, *One Man's City*, was successful and charming as long as the author's imagination was engaged. His aim was to show a double world, a city as the child sees it and as it exists in the drabness of its reality. He produced a boy's vision of Bradford surprisingly well, a mysterious Bradford of de la Mareish nightmare. But the Bradford of reality, of wool and stout men with flat voices "on whom assurance sits," was banal. All this was the auditory equivalent of perhaps the twentieth carbon copy of something one has once met at first-hand. Voices quacking "There's nowt like money," proclaiming a doggy and philistine local pride, dismissing London, not to mention Leeds—doubtless accurate, and yet suggesting nothing more than that on a certain date, sometime round 1912, the whole of the North of England read Arnold Bennett and had an apocalyptic revelation about itself. By now, dare it be said, the North's idea of itself has become a bore, and Mr. Wharton's version of it carried no compensating irony.

Absence on holiday caused me to miss the first lectures in Mr. Isaacs's series *Twentieth Century Literature*, but I think I have never heard anything more stimulating and challenging than those I did hear. What was impressive about them, apart from Mr. Isaacs's apparently almost complete omniscience not only in literature but also in painting and the cinema, was the demonstration of literary scholarship and the methods of the literary historian applied to what is usually the province of the journalist and reviewer. I remember, for instance, his chasing down the origins of the term "stream of con-



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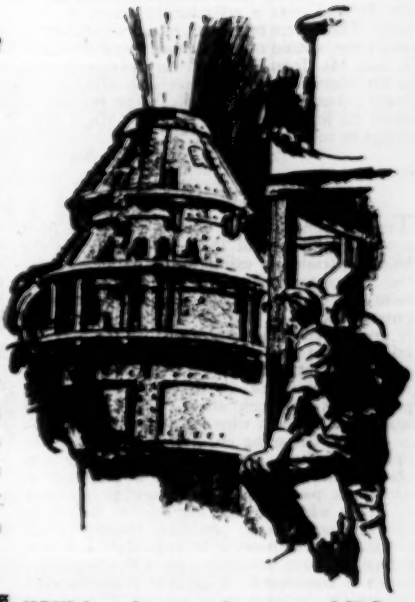

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sciousness." His final lecture, on the writing of the Thirties, was a refreshingly generous estimate. There were omissions, of course, and statements one wanted to argue about, some of which, in fact, Mr. John Lehmann very eloquently did in his comment on the series *The Third Typewriter*; but taken as a whole, as an attempt to assess the literature of half a century, the lectures cannot be too highly praised.

WILLIAM SALTER

CLAUDE MONET

THE thirteen Monets at Gimpel Fils range from a winter landscape of 1873, the year before the first Impressionist exhibition and, incidentally, the first application of the word impressionist, from that work of his youth to one of the Nympheas, a picture of 1907. The range of expression is greater than the appearance of the pictures might at first suggest. It is from painting which rests upon the sensation of a particular subject, which is concerned, in R. A. M. Stevenson's phrase, "very much about what seems and scarcely at all about what is," to a painting which is close to becoming an abstract symbol of the operation of light. It represents the change from observation to invention, from a condition in which the painter looks to nature for guidance to one in which he can only refer to his canvas and his inner vision. At first, Monet's colour represents a compromise between light and local colour, between structure and atmosphere, between a considered design and a spontaneous impression, between those patches of tone and colour which the innocent eye perceives and the specific objects which the intelligence declares them to be. In the Nympheas or the various versions of Rouen Cathedral, colour serves only as a symbol of light, it has no other pictorial function.

Cezanne's remark the "Monet is only one eye—but what an eye" is not just a comment upon the principles of his art, a criticism, in fact, of impressionism, but refers also to his individual capacities, not just to the fact that his pictures were made out of what his eyes told him, but that his powers of observation were infinitely greater than his powers of invention. Monet was never good at making a general statement. In the painting "Les Peupliers" in the present show the trees have been conventionalised beyond that degree of simplification which light or atmosphere might impose upon them and here, as in the similar picture at the Tate, these conventions would still, I believe, seem feeble and vulgar even if they had not since been employed by a thousand latter-day impressionists and poster designers. Monet depended upon his sensation in face of nature, as Cezanne did, but that sensation was never so complicated or profound as Cezanne's. It was a sensation of the immediate refulgence of nature and not at all of nature's volumes, spaces and intervals. Sometimes the sensation was too powerful to be managed. There is a painting here of his garden at Betheuil, of a retreating path flanked by sunflowers, monumental steps leading to the house and a child caught in the glare of the sun. Here the refulgence of nature was so extreme, the impact of the yellow flowers so intense that he was unable to subdue the impression and find that satisfactory compromise in terms of colour which he achieved with such regularity in smaller pictures of less demanding subjects. In this picture and in the immensely ambitious "Lax Barque Rose" description has given way to expression and Monet was by nature a descriptive painter. In addition to the "Nympheas" I have already mentioned, there is an earlier one—of about 1900—which seems to confirm the point. In the later picture the specific forms of water, leaves and petals have dissolved into a flat mist of paint, but in the earlier one of the flowers stands three dimensionally above the water, and even, it appears, above the surface of the canvas. The observation of a lily floating on a cool blue-violet, reflecting the water and casting its own pale shadow upon it, is a passage of lyrical description which makes Cezanne's "but what an eye" seem a vulgar understatement. Monet is most to be admired, I think, when his picture brings to mind its subject. Then he can achieve tension between objects and his expression of them in terms of colour which I can only compare with the experience of a perfectly apt metaphor.

BASIL TAYLOR

"Longitude 49," at the Unity

The action of this play takes place in a single night on board an American tanker docked at Abadan. The crew have elected as ship's delegate a politically minded Negro, who is "framed" and shot dead by the suitably tough Mate, with the connivance (to put it no more positively) of the Captain. It soon becomes plain to the audience that the author, Herb Tank, who worked in such a vessel—shuttling between the Persian Gulf and the Cape—during the war, managed in his years at sea to devote time to a close study of Eugene O'Neill—not to mention the collected works of Lenin. Let that pass. *Longitude* 49 is a moving, tightly written, workmanlike piece. Propaganda is kept in its right place; the characters of the crew are incisively drawn; the tension of the struggle between fo'c'sle and bridge is kept up to the end; and even the discovery in the Captain of a streak of guilt-complex is made convincing. The acting is as good as need be, and the "set" by Michael Cain—a young designer of quite unusual promise—is admirable. Altogether an agreeably "un-American" evening.

A.V.

"After the Show," at the Watergate

The speed and smartness of the first edition of *After the Show* at the Watergate Theatre are fully sustained in its second version. I missed the outstanding quality of Gabrielle Brune; but Beryl Kaye, who was seen before only as an accomplished dancer, turns out to be a first-class comedienne. The cast is also strengthened by the addition of Daphne Anderson, whose charm survives even when she appears upside down as Chagall's model. Mr. Dannatt's music is much more obvious than in the first version, and to appreciate the wit of the librettos one needs much knowledge of other West End productions. Mr. Dorning, who scored so ribald a success in "I'm the only Sabine woman whom the Romans didn't rape," is equally convincing as "the man who did the work for Casanova." The show is still patchy. There are items, such as the rather feeble charade ragging M.I.5, which would be better cut. When the team has had time to settle down, this version of the Watergate's 10.30 revue should be assured of a good run.

K. M.

Correspondence

ITALIAN TRUSTEESHIP

SIR,—On my arrival in New York, my attention has been drawn to Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst's letter published in your issue of September 23. The facts, as stated in her letter, have no foundation. *No member of the "Somali Youth League" is actually in prison for political reasons.* Last April, in a very few centres of Somaliland, a few incidents occurred between Somalis belonging to conflicting tribes or political parties; and, notwithstanding immediate action on the part of the police force, there were, unfortunately, a few casualties. The police proceeded to arrest the culprits, some of whom were later sentenced, after regular trial.

With a view to fostering general appeasement in the Trust Territory an amnesty was granted to all political prisoners last July. All sections of the S.Y.L. in Somaliland are functioning regularly and freely.

With regard to the alleged dismissal of "all the senior Police Officers, inspectors, sergeants and others employed by the British," I can state that, out of a total number of 5,410 Somalis previously employed by British Administration and later transferred to Italian Administration, only 152 were dismissed in six months, for reasons of inefficiency, poor health or lack of discipline, whereas 47 have voluntarily left their jobs. On the other hand, the Italian Administration has hired 232 Somalis, 132 of whom have enrolled in the police force. As for the movement of foreigners in the Mogadiscio airport, the regulations prevailing are absolutely similar to those existing in airports all over the world.

I trust that the Report prepared by the U.N. Advisory Council on the first few months of Italian Administration will soon be published, so that your readers may form a clear and objective opinion of the excellent political situation prevailing in Somaliland. Meanwhile I may perhaps mention some of the undertakings which have already been realized with the aim of helping and encouraging the Somalis on their difficult road towards independence, democracy and economic development. These are: the establishment of District Councils; the "referendum" among the population on education and the composition of the forthcoming Territorial Council; the creation of a national currency fully guaranteed by foreign currency reserves; the increased number of schools—from 70 to 136; the establishment of night schools for adults (3,000 registrations), of a school for Somali teachers, of a school for handicrafts and of a school for political instruction (4 million shillings spent on schools during the year 1950-1951, as against 478,800 shillings during the year 1949-1950); the increased number of doctors (from 21 to 34); the improvement of medical and hospital services; the improvement of veterinary service and, finally, the development of many initiatives for the benefit of the natives in all economic fields.

GIOVANNI FORNARI
Chief Administrator of the Trust Territory of Somaliland.

New York.

STEPINAC

SIR,—A recent press statement of mine that the Yugoslav Government were prepared to reprieve and release Archbishop Stepinac immediately, if the Vatican would remove him from Yugoslavia, has been commented on in Rome and by the Catholic press here in a way that reveals a peculiar situation. Here are the facts:

(1) I spent August and September in Yugoslavia. During my visit I had long talks with Marshal Tito, Foreign Minister Kardelj, Home Secretary Rankovich, Secretary of the Politbureau Djilas, Member of the Politbureau Moshe Pijade, and other leaders of the regime.

(2) On my return I gave a press interview, in which I announced as a fact, about which I had precise information on unquestionable authority, that the Yugoslav Government were ready to reprieve Archbishop Stepinac if the Vatican would undertake to remove him from Yugoslavia. As it was, his release would automatically restore him to his position as Archbishop of Zagreb. This the Yugoslav Government could not accept, in view of the Archbishop's record as a collaborator with the Quisling Pavelic regime.

(3) Further confirmation was provided by the *Catholic Herald*, which reported on October 20 that, according to despatches from Belgrade, "the Yugoslav Government would be prepared to release Archbishop Stepinac provided that he at once left the country. But the 'offer' to release Mgr. Stepinac from jail has been made before and Tito knows from earlier experience that his terms are unacceptable. Commenting on a similar statement made by the former Labour M.P., Zilliacus, Vatican circles last week stated that this was no new offer. If released, Mgr. Stepinac would have to reassume his episcopal functions as Archbishop of Zagreb."

The *Tablet* of October 20 gives further confirmation from the *Osservatore Romano* and also quotes the latter's comment that "Archbishop Stepinac has always rejected the accusation of collaboration with the Germans and anti-State activity" and that "to accept such an act of clemency [as release conditional on leaving the country] would be an admission of guilt," which he cannot be expected to make.

(4) Stepinac supported the Nazi puppet regime of Ante Pavelic from beginning to end. To refer only to the facts published at the time in the newspapers and official journals of the Pavelic regime as well as in the publications of the Croat Roman Catholic Church:

(a) In his pastoral letter of 28 April, 1941, Stepinac urged the clergy of Croatia to give the Pavelic regime their full support and loyalty and praised it in glowing terms. This was the theme of many subsequent

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encyclical letters, pronouncements from the pulpit, etc., by the Archbishop;

(b) Stepinac accepted the post of Supreme Apostolic Vicar to the Ustashi (Fascist) troops of Pavelic and was a member of Pavelic's Council of State;

(c) Stepinac was the highest ecclesiastical authority responsible for the policy of compulsory mass conversion to Roman Catholicism of the Greek Orthodox Serb minority in Croatia. This mediaeval policy, which he actively supported, was applied by mediaeval methods;

(d) Stepinac was awarded and accepted a high decoration from the Paylic regime for his distinguished services.

Whatever the motives of Archbishop Stepinac for collaborating with the Fascist Quisling Pavelic regime, there is no doubt whatever about the fact of his collaboration. Nor about the fact that the Yugoslav Government, while prepared to let him leave the country at any time the Vatican will let him do so, will never in any circumstances allow a man with his record as an enemy of the State to become the Archbishop of Zagreb.

Those are the facts. I leave your readers to draw their own conclusions. K. ZILLIACUS

G.I.'S OR GERMANS?

SIR,—Your statement that "the danger of a third world war would be diminished by large-scale reinforcement of Western armies by American troops" would seem to imply two assumptions: that the present relative weakness of the Western armies is liable to invite attack, presumably by the Soviet Union; and that Western armies reinforced on a large scale by Americans, and politically controlled by the United States, could be relied upon not to act offensively.

Opinion may differ as regards the correctness of the second of these assumptions; but of the first, there can surely be no dispute. If there were truth in it, why does the Soviet Union, possessed of military preponderance of power such as Hitler could not even dream of, not take the offensive now? American superiority in atomic bombs, if actual, does not, I suggest, provide the answer, which is to be found in the Soviet Government's tremendous investment in long-term economic projects, patently not intended for war-making. EDGAR P. YOUNG

75, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1.

[No. These are not our assumptions. We assumed that anything more than an "agreement to differ" between the Soviet Union and the capitalist West is now out of the question, and secondly, that the chance of reaching such an accommodation is better if made between Powers which have reason to respect each other's strength. ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE GREEK CHILDREN

SIR,—Statements continue to appear in the national press advocating the return of the Greek children who were taken from their homes during the civil war and sent over the frontier for safety. Unfortunately these expressions of concern are so tainted with political animus that one sometimes wonders if it is the fate of the children or the political use that can be made of their condition that prompts this advocacy.

The reports by the International Red Cross and the United Nations Commission of Inquiry confirm that physically the children are well cared for, probably better than they could be in the distressed state of Greek internal affairs. If their minds have been indoctrinated with Communism during the past four or five formative years, the only way—as pointed out by President Truman and the British Prime Minister—to combat this influence is to create in Greece a constitution that is unquestionably democratic and humane. Until this has been done, it is both useless and dangerous to insist on the immediate return of the children, for contact with the existing conditions in their homeland would merely confirm their indoctrination. Yugoslavia has reported that 9,000 out of 12,000 of the Greek children there are with their parents. As Slavophones, they do not want to go back to Greece.

As a Greek, with as warm a heart for children as any man, I suggest that the compassion now being ostentatiously bestowed on the expatriated children should more immediately be applied to the relief of the condition of many of those who have fallen foul of Greek Governments because of their attitude towards repression. The case of General Sarafis, for example, calls to heaven for justice. Here is a soldier, a disinterested patriot, whose heroism during the World War was recognised by Allied commanders in the Middle East, who assembled 60,000 first-class fighting men to hold eight German divisions by their valour and sacrifice. His reward was to be flung into a concentration camp, from which neither the American nor British Governments have tried to release him, and on which the voice of the United Nations has been silent. Is it a matter for wonder that the stress laid on the repatriation of the children is felt to be dubious while many like General Sarafis languish in prison? Here is a matter for British M.P.s to press upon the public mind.

15, New Street, E.C.2. E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU.

"GOD, YOU ARE VAST"

SIR,—Your space is limited, so I will deal with only a few of Dr. Read's criticisms of my *A Year of Grace*—the less regrettully, because he frequently contradicts them himself. For instance, among those "crowded out" he includes the Stoics; but a few lines further down he finds it odd of me to include "so much"—who?—"Marcus Aurelius!" Again, explaining that these "inconsistencies" (*i.e.*, the inclusion of certain writers and the omission of others) are deliberate, he nevertheless, further on, finds the omission of Pascal "incomprehensible." Why? It happens that, being quite certain that somebody would refer to this "omission," I re-read Pascal just before going to press, hoping I might discover something to illustrate my theme. I could discover nothing.

But these are minor matters. What is serious is that, on the strength of this book, Dr. Read should regard me (and, therefore, what really matters, the large number of people who think like me) as "disillusioned with politics (it was their mistake ever to put their trust in them)." As Dr. Read really appears to have read the book, and as a very large part of its purpose is precisely and indeed polemically the exact opposite of what Dr. Read implies, his remark is wholly incomprehensible. The central, and longest, section is entitled "The Relation of Man to Man" (78 pages). This starts with Péguy's words "Everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics" and with Blake's "Religion and Politics are the same thing"; immediately plunges into a comprehensive survey of the social legislation of the Old Testament—one of the supreme achievements of "politics" in history; and culminates in a complete sub-section constituting a quite explicit plea, not merely for politics, but for Socialist politics. This sub-section is prefaced by Schweitzer's attack on Karl Barth, and by Berdyaev's "It would be atrociously dishonest and wrong to wait for social improvement to follow man's moral perfecting; we must work actively for the reform of society." Driving home the same point are two whole chapters—entitled respectively "Man, fellow-worker with God" and "Activity."

I cannot think that my purpose is obscure, for every other reviewer, and every reader who has written to me, has understood it perfectly.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

[Dr. Read writes: "Marcus Aurelius belongs to the degeneracy of Stoicism, and it is comprehensible that his religiosity should appeal to Mr. Gollancz; and from this point of view it is equally comprehensible that Pascal should be excluded. As for religion and politics, they may be the same thing, as Blake said, and I am therefore consistent in having little taste for either. An anthology is an exhibition of its compiler's taste, as my review tried to indicate; and *de gustibus* etc."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CORRESPONDENTS IN MOSCOW

SIR,—At a time when the American press maintains five experienced correspondents in Moscow, can it be in the national interest that not a single British newspaper or agency, except the Communist journal, should have a British representative in the Russian capital?

As a former President of the Association of Anglo-American Correspondents in the U.S.S.R., I am all too familiar with the difficulties of working in Russia. But if the Americans are not daunted thereby, surely we ought not to be. It is true that the unfavourable exchange rate of the rouble makes Moscow one of the most expensive capitals in which to station a correspondent, for whose work there would necessarily be more outlet in the large American papers than in our small ones. The censorship, too, remains capricious, although much interesting Moscow material finds its way into the American press notwithstanding.

Again, Soviet society and Western society, in its varying forms, are increasingly growing so dissimilar that it becomes ever harder to describe the one in terms which will be comprehensible to the other. Yet, when all has been said, it remains a reflection upon British journalism that a field so vast, strenuous and vital as modern Russia should be left entirely to American enterprise.

On the basis of some years of experience in Russia both during and after the war, I would suggest that if the Moscow assignment is regarded as too arduous for any one British newspaper to undertake, then a practice frequently resorted to during the late war in situations of especial difficulty should be tried and a journalist representing the combined British press should be nominated to Moscow. If the cost of such representation were apportioned throughout the industry by the Newspaper Proprietors Association, individual papers would hardly feel it.

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Hampton Court.

FILMS FOR CHILDREN

SIR,—In her excellent survey of the economic problems of children's films, Miss Mary Field comes to some conclusions that, I believe, are rather narrow in scope. She admits that no *commercial* producer of these films has found large-scale production economic—and then suggests "the obvious though difficult remedy" of developing an international demand, so that it may be commercially possible.

The only countries where there have been planned production of children's films are Britain, under the Rank Organisation, and the U.S.S.R., with State financial backing. The Rank Organisation, being mainly concerned with profits, never intended perpetual making of these films: it has built up a library of nearly two hundred pictures, which it can go on showing time and time again at children's shows at negligible cost. This is, no doubt, a sound commercial proposition, as a new group of children who have not seen the pictures comes along every 3-5 years. But such a scheme must inevitably lead to stagnation and it is not going to be saved by injecting into the programme the pick of children's films from abroad.

I am doubtful, therefore, of the merit of excluding this type of film from the dwindling quota of films that may be shown for adult entertainment. Similarly, I feel, it would not be helpful to build up our own children's films largely on export orders. The real solution is to be found in taking the film industry out of the field of commercial exploitation, and establishing a measure of State backing—in the production stage as well as the more lucrative renting and exhibition sides. It is no mere coincidence that the Soviet Union makes some of the finest children's films, to which Miss Field pays tribute.

Gerrards Cross, CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL
Bucks.

COVENT GARDEN

SIR,—The Covent Garden Opera Trust has rightly decided that the archives of the Royal Opera House should be officially compiled, and that a collection of play-bills, programmes and all other material relating to the theatre and the artists who have appeared there, should be collected, on the lines of the major European Opera Houses.

Having been commissioned by the Trust to undertake this work, I should like to appeal through your columns to those readers who may have such material in their possession, as well as newspaper critiques, prints, illustrations, etc., that deal with the theatre from the date of its inception in 1732 to September, 1939, and who feel that they would like to present them to the Opera House as part of the official collection of archives, to communicate with me.

Royal Opera House, HAROLD J. ROSENTHAL,
Covent Garden, W.C.2. *Archivist.*

Books in General

"We shan't get another good book from *him* till somebody puts him into prison again," the admirer of a distinguished modern novelist was heard grumbling not long ago. The remark was perhaps unnecessarily flippant; but of some gifted persons it is certainly true that their constitution seems to create a repetitive pattern of experience, and that, although they may resent the experience bitterly and lament their hardships loudly, the suffering they endure is the material on which their talent flourishes. Thomas De Quincey provides a classic example. Through the whole of his single major work, and through almost every passage of his writing that deserves to be remembered, run the same emotional themes, derived from a pattern of behaviour laid down during boyhood. Those themes are loss and separation and a sense of solitude in the heart of crowds. He was always a fugitive, always an exile: some invisible barrier cut him off from mankind: amid an immense anonymous throng, the faces that met his eyes were never the faces that he sought for. His personal solitude remained unbroken, whether he drifted along the pavements of Oxford Street, perpetually seeking Ann, the companion of his early miseries, or rested at home in his Grasmere bedroom, within call of his devoted wife. For at home he had evolved for himself a new and dreadful type of loneliness: the nightmare effects of opium-addiction proved entirely incommunicable. "What is it that you see?" his wife would beg him to tell her; but no words could be discovered to give his visions concrete shape. Or, arising from some tormented dream, he would find the little girls he had fathered standing at his bedside, anxious to show him their coloured shoes and new frocks, and would shed tears over the hideous contrast between the dream-world and reality.

To assert that, without opium, we might not have heard De Quincey's name is possibly as wrong-headed as to suggest that Swinburne, without the immoderate use of alcohol, might not have given us *Poems and Ballads*. Neither laudanum nor brandy can make a man of genius; but both writers would appear to have found in their favourite intoxicant a stimulus they deeply needed if they were to induce the crises of feeling that urged them towards creative effort. When one dismal Sunday in 1804 a "beatific" druggist introduced De Quincey to the blessed and accursed drug, he had already embarked on the course of behaviour that he pursued until his closing years. He was already in flight, already a wanderer. But what he fled it would have been hard to say; for, although he has described his actions at length, the motives determining them are often rather shadowy. Evasion seems to have been in his blood; his brother Pink, whom he adored and looked up to, was an inveterate rebel and runaway; and, narrating his disastrous series of youthful fugues and escapades, De Quincey seldom succeeds in persuading us that he was really conversant with his secret reasons, or that the explanations he put forward were altogether genuine. He had taken leave of Manchester Grammar School—"a place which I did not love," but at which he had been by no means ill-treated—because (he declares) having exhausted his masters' learning, he longed to go to Oxford; and he deserted Oxford, after the first day of his final examinations in which, with his scholastic achievements, he would undoubtedly have done well, "giving as his reason that the next day's *viva voce* examination was to be conducted in Latin instead of Greek"—a "flimsy excuse" (his present editor remarks) that probably disguised a "neurotic fear of failure." Meanwhile, during the autumn vacation, one wet and cheerless Sunday afternoon—"a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not shown than a rainy Sunday in London"—neuralgia had driven him across the threshold of a friendly druggist's shop, and from that shop he had unlatched a magical door into "the Paradise of Opium-eaters."

Opium magnified both pleasures and griefs. The drama of De Quincey's inner life might have been played out on another stage, and the main outlines of the tragedy might not have greatly differed: but it was opium that contributed the supernatural background, a prospect of radiant heights waiting to be scaled, of fantastic gulfs he was doomed to explore throughout the hours of darkness:

> I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. . . . The sense of space, and in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast extent of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or . . . of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

Impressions of horror were mixed with sensations of splendour; but every fantasy was overshadowed by the idea of loss and severance:

> Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same table: . . . and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle . . ." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve: and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*: and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmo* of the Roman legions.

Again, from among the palms and green mountains of some half-European, half-fabled Eastern landscape, would emerge the features of Ann, the young prostitute who had befriended and comforted him seventeen years earlier, whom he had promised to rejoin but who had somehow vanished into the labyrinths of "stony-hearted" Oxford Street:

> Her looks were tranquil . . . with unusual solemnity . . . But suddenly her countenance grew dim, and . . . I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

De Quincey's Oxford Street adventures had taken place in 1802: *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* were originally published in 1821. In 1856 it was considerably enlarged; and he then added several passages of great imaginative beauty—notably the tale of the ominous warning that reached him in the Whispering Gallery, his splendid description of a night spent in a deserted Shrewsbury ballroom and a fuller and far more revelatory account of the strange and atrocious physical discomforts by which he was afflicted in the derelict house off Soho Square. The form of the original work was loose: the design of the rewritten narrative is even less coherent. But, since 1856,[1] it is the second version that has usually been reprinted; and Mr. Edward Sackville West (whose study of the writer is one of the most readable and sympathetic of modern literary studies) has now given us a reprint of the edition of 1821,* combined with eleven out of nineteen of De Quincey's autobiographical vignettes, covering his adolescent career until he said goodbye to Manchester. These discursive pictures of his youth reveal the wanderer at his best and worst. Sometimes the effect is superbly vivid, as when, narrating the adventures of *My Brother Pink*, who had run away from school, taken to seafaring and joined a pirate company, he tells the wonderful story of the ghostly wood-cutter, heard by Pink night after night on a lonely island of the Southern Seas. But elsewhere they illustrate his more obnoxious literary short-comings, his inability to stick to the point and wearisome digressive pedantry. In his desperate efforts to follow a single theme, glimmering like the Golden Bough amid a dusky web of tangled branches, he contrives to lead the reader astray down half a dozen false trails.

Just as in life he was of a naturally evasive temperament, so in literature he could seldom be prevailed on to face a subject squarely. His approach to his theme was generally oblique; and when we flatter ourselves that he is about to come to grips with the topic that he has undertaken, he will glance off into a lengthy aside or take refuge in an unprofitable and largely unrelated anecdote. Thus his autobiographical writings, apart from the *Opium-Eater*, perplex and disappoint far more often than they enlighten us. Yet as footnotes to his major work they are unquestionably worth reading; for, although De Quincey could seldom maintain a level, and was apt to tumble from poetic altitudes into a slough

* *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater: together with Selections of the Autobiography of Thomas De Quincey.* Edited and with an Introduction by Edward Sackville West. *Cresset Press.* 9s. 6d.

of prosy tediousness, the inspiration that frequently deserted, constantly revisited, him; and again and again we encounter a sentence or image that displays his characteristic quality. That quality is difficult to define. As an essay in autobiographical exploration, the *Opium-Eater* is a failure. He often conceals with the air of revealing: the most dramatic episodes of his narrative—for instance, the story of the unknown Malay who visited him at Grasmere—leave the suspicion that they may be the most fictitious. The portrait he draws of himself is conveyed not in his statements so much as in the suggestions by which they are accompanied. But, once we have accepted his method of approach, even his evasions have their interest. "O my dear Florence" he confessed to his eldest daughter "I rattle in order to beguile my deadly nervousness;" and the rattling or rambling course he chose, far more effectively than the average attempt at scientific self-analysis, helps us to understand the limitations of his peculiarly complex character.

His merits, on the other hand, require no underlining. A master of "impassioned prose," he never indulged in decorative writing for its own sake. The recollections which he evoked were as strongly felt in 1856 as in 1821—he was harassed by the same fears, comforted by the same dreams; and from the poignant emotions they had not ceased to arouse he was able to extract a strange and solemn music. Few nineteenth-century writers achieved so complete a mastery of the long melodic sentence, precise in diction, logical in structure, perfectly lucid in its immediate effect; but his skill did not extend beyond the composition of the single paragraph—he could build sentences into paragraphs: he could not build paragraphs into satisfactory chapters. At that stage a Lethean mist descended. "Solitude" he wrote "for the meditating child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe." But the writer who wishes to create a coherent adult masterpiece must acquire some permanent link with the world of men around him, and must overcome the fascinated self-absorption of his childhood and his adolescence. This was a feat that De Quincey failed to accomplish, with the result that he retained the point of view of the lonely childish dreamer—yet a dreamer of extraordinary waking gifts: as Carlyle observed of Leigh Hunt, a child who had seen Hell.

PETER QUENNELL

VARNA ROAD

I paid my homage to the sculptures in the park
With their marble waistcoats glistening in the rain.
I sat next to an Indian in the tram.
For a time we rocked without words upon our way

Each with his load of beliefs, intractable
But without them one cannot live, one cannot love
And nothing is cheaper nor more splendid than
love.
Love is autonomous at the passing of empires.

At the pivot of my town where mill and moil
Centre, I sought the churchyard on the hill,
The black turf and the silence of the tombs
Hallowed by lust and bleached with fantasy

Under the sparkle of sky-signs. Carbon-tasting
Rivulets of girls could not assuage those gulfs.

CHARLES MADGE

PAGEANT OF THE REGENCY

The Age of Elegance: 1812–1822. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Collins.* 15s.

With this book Mr. Bryant brings his popular history of England during the Napoleonic era to an elegant conclusion. The two previous volumes of this trilogy were most happily timed in their appearance. *Years of Endurance*, 1793–1802, was written as a contribution to national morale at the lowest ebb in England's fortunes during the 1939–45 War: *Years of Victory*, 1802–1812, coincided with Eisenhower's successful invasion of France in 1944. The career of Hitler was obliging the historian by running astonishingly close to that of Napoleon. History was repeating itself with a vengeance. But at the very end the parallel lines diverged. There was to be no escape from Elba in 1945; and any chance of a latterday Waterloo was buried under the ruins of the Berlin Chancellery. Since then the historical process has expanded from a mere theme of repetition to a theme with variations. No Congress of Vienna nor Holy Alliance has supervened to lull the warring nations to sleep for a generation: and our post-war period disclaims resemblance to the aftermath of 1815. Mr. Bryant, instead of basking in a new Age of Elegance, has had to compound for an Age of Austerity.

Years of Victory left us in the Peninsula after the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo in January, 1812; *The Age of Elegance* is ushered in with the storming of Badajoz two months later. Bloodshed lends itself to colourful description; and battles, it has always been assumed, make history. Consequently, the Peninsular War has ever been a godsend to any competent historian with a rich vocabulary. Moreover, for the benefit of the scholar, the fighting is lavishly documented. Sir Charles Oman has listed more than 100 narratives published by survivors of the campaign. Twenty years ago, in his life of *The Duke*, we saw what that master of the picturesque, Philip Guedalla, could do with such material. The dust that he raised, with his armies marching and counter-marching up and down the gaunt *sierras*, has hardly yet had time to settle. But it would be asking altogether too much of Mr. Bryant, with his own eye for the spectacular, not to travel over the same ground; albeit at a brisker pace and in somewhat chaster prose. Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Toulouse! He pays respectful tribute to the battle honours of the British Army and the military genius of its commander in a sequence of eloquent passages. The great set-piece of Waterloo shows Mr. Bryant's mastery of detail and clarity of thought to even greater advantage: he devotes 34 of his precious pages to a lucid and dramatic picture of the confused events on that one decisive day.

While admiring the virtuosity of Mr. Bryant's picture of Waterloo, one should add a note of warning about all battlescapes painted by historians; their love of military music is liable to carry them away. To reconstruct a land battle in vivid detail is necessarily a work of the imagination: paradoxically, a lucid account of Waterloo can hardly be accurate. The Duke of Wellington, who was not without experience, can be quoted:

> The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which, they occurred, which makes all the difference to their value or importance.

When Wilson Croker wished to write an account of Waterloo within two months of the event, while the details of the engagement were still fresh in the minds of the surviving participants, the Duke was emphatic in his dissuasion. "I recommend you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is": and Croker left it. For a true description of Waterloo the Duke's own version in words of one syllable can hardly be bettered: "The French came on in the old style and we drove them off in the old style." But Wellington's laconic remarks have always been regarded by historians as woefully inadequate.

As the title, however, indicates the main subject of the book is not military, but a description of the state of England towards the end of the Regency. In this Mr. Bryant's brilliant gifts of exposition and penetrating analysis are fully tested, for the period was one of the utmost complexity. At the close of the long war the country had forgotten what peace was like anyhow; and had no experience at all of the peace-time adjustments required after a fabulous expansion of factories, a generation of prosperous farming and a heavy dose of inflation in the currency. England had done very well out of the war, leaving the bloodshed out of account; and expected to do even better out of the peace. Whereas the country had, in fact, been leading a sheltered life behind Napoleon's Continental Blockade; and was on the point of being subjected to the full rigour of international trade competition. No wonder that the aristocracy, the middle classes and the common people were soon at loggerheads, since their interests were all at variance. Moreover politics, in so far as they represented a struggle for power between Whigs and Tories, became meaningless, when the entire governing class, regardless of Party, was lolling in luxury and prehensile of privilege; while the manual labourers shivered with uncertainty as regards their daily bread, and were only positive about their poverty. The divorce between the gay Society that we read of in Regency memoirs and the rack-rented tenantry who paid for its upkeep seemed as absolute as that between the *grands seigneurs* and their peasants before the French Revolution. Why then did heads not fall under a Tower Hill guillotine? The only possible explanation, which we must accept gratefully from Mr. Bryant, was the God-fearing stolidity of the average Englishman. A nation of individualists does not take kindly to herding in mobs; and without mobs violent revolutions in those days were not viable. The Spa Fields Riot resolved into the feeblest affair; and Thistlewood's conspiracy to assassinate the Tory Cabinet was a poor substitute for storming the Bastille.

The Regent was not to be beheaded: he was to be hooted at and hissed. The social dynamics that resulted in this typical English compromise are calculated by Mr. Bryant with admirable impartiality. The solidarity of the nation built up on the humane class-relations of the eighteenth century and hardened in the fires of war, could not be dissolved overnight; while the bitter seeds of class hatred, sown by the Industrial Revolution, needed time to germinate. The only hint of partisanship in Mr. Bryant is his desire to exonerate the aristocracy from the charge of unmitigated selfishness in their handling of the post-war problem: he would like to shift some of the blame on to the classical economists, the Reverend Mr. Malthus and his colleague Ricardo. These niggers in the woodpile toiled insidiously to prove that the awkward situation would right itself in the end, provided no humane sentimentality was allowed to interfere with the free play of their darling economics.

The real villain of the Peace was, indeed, the Trade Cycle, which was just beginning to raise its ugly head; although the public had not yet learnt how to recognise the monster. There was a bad harvest and a trade slump in 1816; a short-lived boom in 1818; and a return to slump in 1819. During the slumps wages in industry would drop to a third or less of the rate to which workmen had become accustomed. The cost of living remained stable—and high: the renewal of the Corn Laws and the return to the Gold Standard saw to that. The only contribution the Regent made to these momentous vicissitudes was to change Lady Hertford for Lady Conyngham.

Mr. Bryant has made a notable success of his attempt to combine the roles of social and political historian: and his book will surely stand in future as an authoritative guide to the

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General Manager for British Isles

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TI THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

epoch. His method of bringing the scene to life is that of the pageant-master; marshalling his forces into significant groups, and sending them on stage to the sound of contemporary music, in the form of apt quotations: the technique may be held a trifle mannered but is undeniably effective. In the matter of scholarship of course the author has impeccable credentials; more than 400 works of reference have been consulted. One tiny blemish could easily be remedied in future editions. The public who will avidly read this book are assumed to have some grip of the French language—with all that that implies. Whatever English words our insular prudery does not allow one to print, is there any need to be so mealy mouthed in a foreign tongue? It is ridiculous to all concerned for Count Stadion to burst into Metternich's bedroom with the shout "*Le roi Joseph est—en Espagne,*" when every one knows the word is *foutu*.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE REAL PAI-KAN

New China: Three Views. By OTTO VAN DER SPRENKEL, ROBERT GUILLAIN, MICHAEL LINDSAY. *Turnstile Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The job of the reporter, the selected correspondent, sent to a new country to gauge the "climate" under the new regime is, it seems, not unlike the work of a wine-taster who has been asked to taste and decide on a new brew of wine. Mr. Van der Sprenkel is apparently a robust taster with a strong head. He considers the Chinese-Vodka, 1949, as definitely mild, and a little dry (ascetic) and sometimes almost as sweet as nectar. He makes no bones about it that as far as the new brand is concerned he belongs to the ranks of Wordsworth's enthusiast of the French Revolution. He was an eye-witness of the liberation of Tientsin, being at that time a visiting Professor at the Nankai University. Apart from the looting and ransacking of his house by the retiring K.M.T. soldiers, who incidentally carried away his front door, all his experiences were pleasant. The new education officer who came to visit Nankai turned out to be a former member of the faculty; when the university threw a banquet-reception to the liberation forces, it practically became an old boys' party, for over half of the student-soldiers who came were alumni, and over a dozen were Mr. Sprenkel's own students who had previously "disappeared" from the campus. In the circumstances, can anyone blame Mr. Sprenkel from catching a little of the exultation shared by over ninety per cent of the intellectuals of China, who are now solidly behind the new regime?

Mr. Robert Guillain is a taster for the connoisseurs. He seems amused and to enjoy every sip he takes of the new vintage. He seems to say, "Not bad. Not bad at all! But won't it turn bitter if the weather gets really hot?" The trace of cynicism befits the artistic maturity of the French. He tells you the Communists won China by the seduction of ideas. He tells you that the new party men who moved into luxury flats in Shanghai prefer to sleep on the floor rather than on the bed because the soft mattresses keep them awake. He describes the taking over of the great port thus:

> Teams of Communist "Kan-pu," civilians in uniforms, carrying no badge of office, anonymous and unplaceable, invisible men almost, who moved into the seat of government, without disturbing anyone or anything, and immediately inaugurated a regime of frantic work and incorruptible morals . . . From July onwards Shanghai was turned into a huge adult education centre . . . Everywhere, in government offices, factories, banking houses . . . an orgy of meetings and lectures are going on.

Will all this high purpose, high-power drive lose steam in time? Mr. Guillain does not think so. He thinks that "self criticism," the "prophylactic" which the party employs and insists upon with remorselessness, is sufficient safeguard against any contamination or falling off from their high resolve.

But it must must been the "morning after" when Mr. Guillain considered the economic aspect and the educational problems of the new government. For suddenly he became much less accurate and much more pessimistic. He mentioned that there is probably not more than a quarter of a million of high school and university graduates in all China. Surely China produces as many in a year? The artist seems a little at sea when confronted with the awe-inspiring untidiness and enormity of the Chinese economic scene.

The new vintage is nothing new to Mr. Michael Lindsay. He had tasted the original brew when it was first concocted in the hills of North Shensie during the years of the war. In his report he adopts the theoretical-academic approach, and goes to the very bottom of the problem of the practice of all ideologies: namely the "scientific" or "doctrinaire" attitude of their adherents. He considers the attitude of Mao Tse-tung (whom he knows) as typical of the "scientific," while it is more often in the lower ranks of the party that one encounters the "doctrinaire." Fortunately, in China, at the moment at least, it is the "scientific" which has the reins. Perhaps the most important contribution of Mr. Lindsay's report is the analysis he made of the theoretical problems which confront Sino-British relations. In general, in the determination of a policy the British proceed from the particular to the general, while Communist China is more in the habit of proceeding from the general to the particular. The British would like, for example, to start with an experiment in co-operation, such as in business. The Chinese Communist prefers to open with a broad and sincere statement of friendship and acceptance, from which all the more practical forms of co-operation will have to stem.

As for whether China is a Russian satellite, "it is the opinion of all three writers that the Chinese-Vodka, 1949, is no Vodka at all. It is only rumoured abroad in that name. It is really "Pai-Kan," an indigenous spirit of China; clear, inflammable and quite as strong as Vodka. Having just lapped up what is given to me in these pages, I can recommend the reader to take a sip, and I am reminded of Nehru's statement on the failure to sit China in the United Nations: "The refusal to recognise this patent fact of a great Asian country, more solid, more unified, and more centralised than at any time in its previous history is an astounding, amazing phenomenon . . ."

KENNETH H. C. LO

ST. QUETZALCOATL AND ST. FENRIS

Worlds in Collision. By IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKI. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The reader of *Worlds in Collision* is, in its preface, "invited to consider for himself whether he is reading a book of fiction or non-fiction, whether what he is reading is invention or historical fact." The author has collected from various mythologies a number of accounts of catastrophes which lead him to the following reconstruction of the fairly recent past.

About 1350 B.C., an eruption on the planet Jupiter, reported as the birth of Pallas, produced a large comet. The atmosphere of this comet enveloped the earth, causing the plague of darkness and the other plagues of Egypt reported in the book of Exodus. It produced tidal disturbances reported in China, Peru, Oklahoma, and elsewhere. One of these waves drowned Pharaoh's host. Among the things which rained down from it were first, stones, then petroleum, and finally sugar (the manna in the wilderness). The comet is identified with Typhon, Quetzalcoatl, Phaethon, the Archangel Michael, and Lucifer, to mention no others. It came back again 52 years later, and this time it slowed down the earth's rotation, so that Joshua had Double Summer Time to slay his enemies, being assisted by well-aimed meteorites. At one or other of these encounters the earth was turned completely round so that the sun rose in the east having previously risen in the west.

This comet condensed into the planet Venus, which, however, had horns and a tail for some time, and moved in a very eccentric orbit, sometimes passing outside the earth's. About 750 B.C., Venus had several encounters with Mars, which produced, not Cupids, but little comets. Mars, in turn, came near the earth, and produced a reversal of the sun's apparent motion in King Hezekiah's reign. It also killed Sennacherib's host, added five days to the length of the year, and altered the position of the earth's pole from Baffin Land to its present site, thus killing the Siberian mammoths. Mars, by the way, is Fenris and Gabriel, to mention no other names.

This story is supported by an impressive array of citations: myths which do not conform with it (*e.g.*, the fission of the moon in the Koran, and of the sun in the Volospa) are ignored. The author puts down the erratic blocks usually attributed to ice transport to the great floods caused by planetary encounters. It is remarkable, to say the least of it, that in England, these "floods," which carried granite from Shap Fell to the Yorkshire coast, completely spared the site of London, as the meteorites missed the Israelites and hit the Canaanites. In Southern Sweden and elsewhere, we have mud laid down in annual bands for some fifteen thousand years, with no record of even one great marine inundation in an age of "gigantic waves which travelled across continents." Similarly, the cores of mud brought up from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean show that in some places it has been undisturbed for several hundred thousand years, and give clear evidence of ice ages and great volcanic eruptions. The data of geology absolutely negate the possibility of world-wide floods in the last ten thousand years. The study of annual rings in the Californian big trees shows no violent weather disturbances in the last three thousand years.

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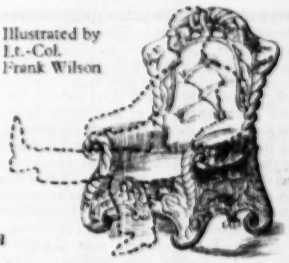

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The attraction of a passing planet could drag the earth out of its orbit and thus alter the number of days in the year. It could not reverse the poles, or even shift them through twenty degrees. The author attributes this effect to magnetism, but wisely does not go into details. If these things happened, as the author states, they happened. But if so, they were plain miracles, contraventions of the laws of physics as complete as materialisations at a spiritistic séance, but on a much vaster scale. There is absolutely no point in bringing in a comet or planet to assist in them. If the laws of physics must be violated, I prefer the hand of God. If by a miracle the pole were shifted to this extent in a few hours, another series of miracles would be needed to keep the sea and air from blotting out every vestige of life. For they would otherwise have moved relative to the earth at speeds of the order of 500 miles per hour. It seems a pity that these sub-miracles were not complete. They would have saved a lot of lives.

But I think the most conclusive evidence is from ancient astronomical records. If "the south becomes north, and the earth turns over" about 1350 B.C., then the star maps of the Middle Egyptian Kingdom would have shown the Cross, the Centaur, and so on, instead of the northern constellations. On Velikovski's own showing (p. 115) they did not. In 686 B.C. we are told that the number of days increased from 360 to 365. Certainly, a number of calendars were reformed at this time. But there is equally good literary evidence (Chron. II; IV, 2) that in King Solomon's time the circumference of a circle was exactly three times its diameter.

Velikovski's index does not refer to Schoch, Kugler, or Fotheringham, the three greatest authorities on ancient chronology and astronomy. Fotheringham showed that Kidinnu, the last great Babylonian astronomer, had more exact estimates of some of the numbers needed to calculate the sun's apparent motion among the stars than were current in Europe till about 1850. This was quite possible if the Babylonians had records going back for two thousand years, as they claimed, and quite impossible if the sun's apparent motion had recently altered. For the calculation of such numbers from naked eye observations is a slow process. I assume that Velikovski does not read *The Observatory*, where Fotheringham's work was published, just as I assume that a failure to correlate the Volospa with Lear's works prevented him from adding the Fimble Fowl with a corkscrew leg to his synonyms for Venus.

I think that, if I wanted to, I could write as convincing a book as this to prove that monkeys had originated from men, or that hell is a real place under the earth where the damned are provided with bodies in which silicon replaces carbon, sulphur oxygen, and so on. I regard the wide sales which this book has had in the United States as one of the most alarming symptoms of our times. The journals (see list on dust cover) in which it was boosted are those which may urge the use of Britain as a base for atomic warfare. A large section of the American people is dreaming in terms of world disasters, and Velikovski will certainly encourage them to do so, if only because he thinks that the world may well be destroyed by a cosmic collision within a few thousand years, as it probably will if his history is correct. In fact, the book is equally a degradation of science and of religion. The children of Israel did not make the impression which they have made on mankind because a comet rained treacle, but because they were morally ahead of their neighbours in a critical period of world history.

We come back to the question raised in the preface. I conclude that the book is fiction, and I think that its author has deliberately left several clues to this effect. On p. 345 he states that "Among the planets it (Mars) exceeds even Jupiter in brightness." It can do so, as a cat can be larger than a dog; but it very seldom does. I conjecture that this and the statement that the constellation Scorpius does not look like a scorpion were inserted to warn those readers who are more familiar with "thilke large boke Which that men clepe the hevene" than with the works of Sir James Jeans or the Talmud not to take a very efficient hoax too seriously.

Similarly, the statements that methane is a poisonous gas, that "the absorption lines of argon and neon have not yet been investigated," and that flies may well live on Jupiter, were probably intended to warn off chemists, physicists, and zoologists.

So perhaps the kindest judgment, certainly the most complimentary to the author's intelligence, is to class him with Defoe and Samuel Butler II in the select company of successful hoaxers rather than in the much larger army of cranks.

J. B. S. HALDANE

PROUST ALONE

Letters of Marcel Proust. Translated and edited by MINA CURTISS. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

The biographical approach to literary criticism has been under steady fire for ten or more years now, yet it shows little decline. The arguments against it are familiar and sound—its distraction from the works of art themselves, its substitution of Freudian symbols for literary values, its aimless gossip, its inadequate historical apparatus—but its attractions are great, and its merits, if inflated, still undeniable. The attractions, perhaps, are questionable. There is a snobbish pleasure in vicarious participation in the lives of the great that is never very far from the pages of the fashionable "glossies," and the scandalous stories with which Mrs. Jones, whose cousin is in the fringe of café society, can infuriate Mrs. Brown, that reverent reader of Society news, are common property to us all when it comes to Shelley or Byron or Lawrence. We can all lift a sophisticated eyebrow at the names of Eddleston, or Mary Hogarth, or Agostinelli, and to do so is a pleasant, superior sensation. This, of course, is literary biography at its lowest level; the next step satisfies the detective in every reader. Biography gives us the key to the writer's secret safe—a Freudian key that too often shows us a common pattern or symbol throughout the works and allows us to feel that we can dismiss them as "understood." With Shelley's sister-fixation clear, and its repetition in the pattern of Harriet, Mary, Jane Williams perceived, we have the key to *The Cenci*, *The Revolt of Islam* and *Prometheus*. What matter the poetry, the philosophy, the politics? Here are the brother and sister, there the hated father-image. Nothing could be more satisfactory as a talisman against the tedium of the works themselves. It is a more intellectual and more exciting approach than the gossip-column view, and a good deal more disreputable.

These are the somewhat shady attractions by which literary biography has held us in thrall. There remain very solid merits by which acquaintance with the lives of writers may illumine their works; not by the comfortable giggle on the sofa over Elizabeth Hitchenor or Mabel Dodge Luhan, nor by a Freudian short cut through literature to breathe freely once more at the other end, but by a general suffusion in the atmosphere of an author's life, in the strains and stresses that have twisted out of him the imaginative shapes which "pure" literary critics so rightly assert are the proper centre of our interest. No biographical source can be so valuable for such an approach to a novelist as his letters, for in them can be seen his relations to the friends from whom, in however tangled and confused a form, his characters must ultimately have sprung. Proust's letters offer us peculiar opportunities for such general suffusion. In the first place the more frivolous attractions of literary biography which have already been discussed are so obvious that they are less likely to attract. Proust's own snobbery and its equivocal nature are so well known, the circle in which he moved is so smart, that our own snobbery

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is checked from the start. It is possible for most readers to disguise their delight in familiarity with Claire Clairmont or Robbie Ross in intellectual trappings; it is more difficult to disguise the appeal of the Comtesse de Noailles or the Princesse de Chimay.

The crossword-puzzle game, too, of fitting characters to reality has been spoilt by Proust himself. Everyone knows that *A la Recherche* is a *roman à clef*, and everyone also knows that to see that is to see nothing. As for Freudian master-keys, Proust's Oedipus complex and his homosexuality are there for all to see, the thing is all too easy to be worth while. Perhaps we may one day know more of Madame Proust's relations to Dr. Adrien; or of Bertrand de Fenelon; may trace Agostinelli's fat, childish smile to that last agony as the Mediterranean closed over him, pilot's helmet, aeroplane and all; or may follow the furniture van that took unwanted horse-hair sofas from the Proust home to adorn the male brothel; perhaps we may even follow Proust himself into the staff entrance of the Ritz; but we shall learn little of his "sex life" that we cannot already tell from Marcel's grandmother, Saint Loup, Albertine or Jupien.

With all these usual pitfalls of literary biography so clear before us, we have a rare opportunity to take the more difficult, rewarding path, and it does, I believe, lead us to the very heart of Proust's work, not to emerge with a satisfied grin, but to wander with greater ease by the water lilies of the Guermantes estate or through the tangled streets of the Quartier Saint Germain.

No publication could be a happier introduction to Proust's life than Miss Curtiss's selection of his letters. The material has been widely and well chosen, the explanatory notes and short biographies are a model of their kind, the translation of a somewhat undistinguished style catches the personal note most exactly without trying to embellish. The book should, I think, be read straight through, for it is only thus that the strange equivocal note of Proust's relationship with his circle of friends emerges, and, with it gradually, that contradiction of longing to be liked by all and a continuous intellectual urge to be just that drove him deeper and deeper—increasingly after his mother's death, increasingly again after Agostinelli's—into the cork-lined cell of the Boulevard Haussmann. It is this increasing loneliness among a wide circle of intimates that the letters unfold, it is this increasing loneliness that burnt the talent of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* into the fiery creative genius of *A la Recherche du temps perdu*.

Throughout these letters to his friends we see the growth of that strangely equivocal attitude to human beings, of love and malice, of compassion and disingenuousness, of longing and suspicion that are the very essence and meaning of the illusions and false seeming of Proust's characters. He needed others so fiercely and mistrusted them so deeply that he projected this longing and this mistrust into his pictures of them. Within the space of days we can find him writing with horror of de Montesquiou's arrogance and cruelty, reassuring his fears that he has served as a model for Charlus, and begging Jacques Boulenger to publish some of the old man's poems in pity for his lonely, deserted state. There is something of the same real affection, contempt and boredom in his treatment of Laure Hyman. He is always longing and planning to see Madame Strauss or the Schiffs, always finding excuses or mistaking the hours of appointment when the moment arrives. Friendship which was so essential to him becomes an impossibility. Aesthetic criticism and a fierce sense of social and moral justice turn the consecrated beauty and the sacred dignity of the Chimays and the Noailles into vulgar commonplace and false standards as they touch his tongue. Praise that verges on toadying trips over sharp observations that seem like treachery. He is driven to declare openly that friendship—the hinge of his earlier life—has no meaning for him. Only memory and the intense agony by which he follows it back and back into its creative significance remains. It is the sacred ritual of the madeleine that alone is real.

For as we read these letters we are forced to ask which is the true Proust? The sincere, courteous man, ever sensitive to the needs of his friends? Certainly the devotion of the Bibescos and the Schiffs shows that they thought so. The malicious wit of his letters to Madame Strauss? The stern guardian of certain moral truths who writes with such dignity to de Montesquiou of his mother's race—the Jews? Not one, it must be concluded, but a changing kaleidoscope that reflected all. For him, Françoise's devotion to the family must inevitably be accompanied by her treacherous complaints, Albertine's true love must be always false, and justice must be accorded even to Madame Verdurin through whose flair, and not through Oriane's taste, the beauties of the Russian ballet came to flower.

ANGUS WILSON

A WAR IN MEMORY

The Fuel of the Fire. By DOUGLAS GRANT. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a sensitive account of one man's war; the story of a mortar and machine-gun officer in a Royal Marine Commando. There are no maps or battle-plans in his autobiography, no operation-orders or shouted words of command. Warships, air-fleets, Generals and American Army-corps loom up from time to time, only to sink away unidentified.

Professor Grant (he now has a Chair of English Literature at Toronto) takes the Captain Grant of six years ago, and puts him once again through the movements and emotions of the battlefields of Sicily and Normandy. He presents him starkly, stripped almost bare of personal character and of likes and dislikes, apparently without family and almost without friends. Still rather numbed by the battle, he is a soldier who has lost the snapshots from his pocket-book, and loathes the idea of the officers' mess that night. When his friends are killed, his despair is so great (there is a hint of this in the dedication) that he speaks of it with little more emotion than he would comment on a broken window-pane; it can so easily be replaced. This extreme restraint makes the book a little unreal. The other figures are shadows of their functions—the Doctor, the Second-in-Command, the Sergeant-Major. Even the subjects in which the Professor is most interested are never quite followed up because the Captain is always intervening with his veto, and we get a series of dead-ends. Is war ever fun? Yes it is, sometimes; oh no, but it can't be. Are people at their worst or best in action? Better not talk about that. What keeps a man from running away in a battle, physical courage or moral cowardice? Well, says the Captain, I've never really thought about that. The Professor does not insist.

This book was written, not because it had any message to give, but because war makes extremely good copy and the author enjoys manipulating the English language. He does it very well. He was in the middle of many battles, and the narrative, which is often most exciting, never trips or plods. It moves, quietly, rather sadly, even reluctantly, from incident to incident, just as happened in war. It avoids climaxes. At the end of the book, when Grant is wounded, his exit is totally unheroic. There is a bombardment. He says to his neighbour in the ditch, "I think I've been hit." A little later: "I'm sure I've been hit." And so he has; his shirt is drenched in blood. "I had no wish to stay longer. I gave my Sergeant-Major the maps, exchanged good-lucks with him, and was driven down the hill again." It is all on this note. And that is why the book is at its best when ruminative—when, for instance, he contemplates from a distance the battle for Catania:

> It made a slight mark on the landscape which a gust of wind could blow away, it tapped on the silence as quietly as twigs against a window, and it

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Or later, after a heavy bombardment on the Orne:

> I stood up, and, seeing through the veiled light the great platform of calm sea tilting up against the land, thought bitterly, that in a few years the trench would be filled in and ploughed under so completely that a peasant cycling home . . . and seeing in this same light the same great unscored platform before him, would never think that among the corn a few yards off his path men had once lived under the constant threat of death.

That is the tone and quality of the book; careful, thoughtful and a trifle misty, but the work of a real writer whom one would like to know better.

NIGEL NICOLSON

NEW NOVELS

Dead Man Over All. By WALTER ALLEN. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Return of a Hero. By ROBIN ESTRIDGE. *Peter Davies.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Final Objective. By WILLIAM MCELWEE. *Melrose.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Royal Academy. By D. L. MURRAY. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Since this week's selection is something of a random harvest, Walter Allen's *Dead Man Over All* stands out the more significantly. The nature of Mr. Allen's perception gives his novel an unusual advantage in depth. On the surface he is a master of that fluent and deceptively colloquial style which several writers have evolved for the purpose of describing technocracy. Like Nigel Balchin, J. D. Scott and others, he is adept at pinning down the anguish lurking behind test tubes and the neuroses that gape from the doodled blotters in the conference room. Further down, we strike a hard, flinty stratum of psychological observation and lower still, at what geologists would call his tertiary level, there is the author's sense of the historical process. This is something immanent, having nothing to do with the equipment of the average historical novelist; it is rather what Gertrude Stein meant when she told Scott Fitzgerald, "You are creating the contemporary world . . ." Mr. Allen has this quality abundantly. As a criticism of society, his book is a postscript to *Middlemarch*, a picture of English industry in its transition from Engels to Burnham.

Eric Norby is a frustrated middle-aged man, "seedy and stained with the corruption of years," whose grandfather founded a steel works in the Black Country. Norby Castings has long since been merged into the larger concern in which Norby himself is merely a technical director and Norby's tragedy is that he has failed to integrate himself into the managerial society. Ruled by a patriarchal conception of industry (a conception the more strongly held because it has skipped the second generation), he has grown up in an increasingly complicated world believing himself to be a factory squire with duties and responsibilities to his "workpeople." Bewildered by the strain of being at once a pillar of society and "as extinct as the great auk," Norby lives in a nightmare hair-trigger world which at any moment is liable to topple over into hysteria. His wife is the daughter of a penniless county family, his best friend a scientist who has climbed out of a working-class background by the State scholarship ladder. There is his father, an old man bullied into premature senility, and behind him the grandfather, still wielding a terrible and compulsive influence from the pages of his journal. Mr. Allen's skilful pattern of relationships enables us to view Norby's disintegration from a number of different angles while he squeezes the maximum characterisation and irony from the interaction of these attendant figures.

If the reader is left feeling that *Dead Man Over All* somehow lacks the final spurt which should sweep such a book to its climax, I think that this is a disadvantage which is indigenous to the author's method. Mr. Allen is committed to history; this means that he shares its creative disadvantages, one of them being that he cannot allow himself the usual latitude in mixing the pace of his novel. The same consideration may well apply to the lack of any ultimate tragic resolution. Though Norby himself is killed, the fate of his wife and friend, the paternity of his child even, are left uncertain, and this is as it should be since the author is intent on giving us something even more impersonal than Hardy's pessimism of nature—the pessimism of history.

Throughout this novel one is continually discovering how well Mr. Allen writes:

> Her bust (he is describing Norby's secretary) jutted out like a ship's prow or an affront . . . She would never—it was an open secret—see thirty-five again: her manner, until she was aroused, was that of an *ingénue* of seventeen; but she was as cynical and unshockable as a cocotte of seventy. She was the declared and proud enemy of everybody in the factory, of almost everybody in the world except Eric Norby. This she called "wanting to see fair play."

Whether he is describing a small boy coming in tired from a party, an old man waiting eagerly for his breakfast or a workman gone plumb crazy in a steel foundry, the writing is always sharp and inevitable. Mr. Allen even chooses his character's obscenities with precision.

Return of a Hero contains an excellent idea which misfires through lack of sophistication. Though modern writers are not usually deficient in this quality (the fault is generally quite the reverse) its absence here spoils what might otherwise have been an extremely good novel. The story concerns the homecoming of a British officer whose desert trek to find Falkland, a kind of post-war T. E. Lawrence, has made him a nation's darling overnight. A simple act of heroism has become entangled with pipe-line politics and a "fluid international situation," and the officer is faced with the alternative of betraying Falkland and his tribesmen and wrecking his service career. So far so good. The hero's aircraft lands, the newsreel cameras begin to turn and the reader prepares for the mounting crisis.

Unfortunately, the book fails to fulfil the promise of its opening chapters. This is partly because the author's attitude to his central situation seems almost as tongue-tied and uncomplicated as his hero's, and partly because he fails to make the background convincing. However great one's contempt for "so-called civilisation" it is little use writing about diplomats, however scheming, and pressmen, however stupid, unless one can describe them correctly. As far as the red tape and sealing wax aspect of this book is concerned, the author might well have taken a hint from Harold Nicolson whose *Public Faces* is a model example of the way in which satire and verisimilitude may be blended. Mr. Estridge's lack of elementary mimesis (his radio bulletins, leading articles, etc., are all slightly off centre) is a continuously irritating barrier to the reader's co-operation and the action is not improved by the presence of one of Mrs. Thirkell's ever-so-nice war widows.

Mr. McElwee's *Final Objective* has none of these flaws. Had this novel appeared two or three years ago, it would probably have been a best-seller and later become "The Book of the Film." As it is, it remains a clever, well-written story of a British Infantry Officer forced to fight over the scene of his youth and first love in Germany. Mr. McElwee may be excused his conventional happy ending for his description of an infantry attack. This is one of the best accounts of actual fighting that I have read for a long time.

When a book begins "The bells of the hansom sank from a jig to a slow chinking as the horse dropped into a walk at the steep lift of the hill approaching Hampstead," the reader knows pretty well what he's in for. *Royal Academy* is an unblushing saga of love among the artists

circa 1870, in which Aesthetics ("'What's that you say? I put too much rose madder into my landscapes? Maybe you're right. Claude Monet used to tell me the same. He called it my *marotte*'"), frequently gives way to a High Life that Ouida might have envied ("'Major Macconnier . . . I'm so sorry to allude to him, Camilla, but he was at least a splendid beast, who might sweep a woman off her feet. But the Duke of St. Arvern! Why, the weedy little thing hardly comes up to your elbow!'"). Those who like their nineteenth century decked in ostrich plumes and upholstered in scarlet rep will find entertainment here for the longest winter evening.

JOHN RAYMOND

BERDYAEV'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Dream and Reality. By NICHOLAS BERDYAEV. *Bles.* 30*s.*

Though mainly concerned with philosophy, being in intention what the author calls "a history of spirit and self-knowledge," Berdyaev's autobiography is also an historical document. Born into pre-revolutionary Russian society, Berdyaev was a supporter of the Russian revolutionary movement and played a part in the events of October, 1917, being a member of the newly proclaimed Republic appointed by Kerensky. He was imprisoned four times, twice under the old regime in Russia and twice under the new. He was exiled to the north of Russia, threatened with Siberia, and finally expelled by the Bolshevik Government in 1922, spending the rest of his life as an *émigré* in Paris. Berdyaev knew most of his leading Russian contemporaries in the worlds both of action and thought and has much to say of interest about the personalities of the early revolutionary movements. His book also surveys the contemporary intellectual scene, with special reference to Marxism and Existentialism and constitutes an exalted affirmation of the dignity and worth of the human personality and an eloquent plea for its freedom.

It is, however, marred, for me, by a fundamental defect, obscurity. Try as one may, all too often one simply doesn't know what Berdyaev is driving at. Even when one believes oneself to have divined his meaning, it turns out to be one that could have been expressed more simply—it is such a little mouse of meaning for the mountains of obscurity that have travailed to produce it. The book is translated from the Russian and allowance must, no doubt, be made for the limitations of translation; yet even so, one is left to wonder whether the thought is so deep that its expression must needs be so difficult. A couple of examples will serve to show its quality and to illustrate my criticism.

Berdyaev makes the good point that remembering the past is a selective rather than a photographic process. One selects what seems significant and in so doing invests the material selected with a new significance. Hence memory is a "cognitive process," "a creative act performed at the present moment." So far, so good; it is good to be reminded that the recollection of a life tells, perhaps, as much about the old man who recollects as the young man who lived it. The value of this "cognitive process" of remembering is, he says, "determined by the degree to which it rises above time and is united with 'existential' time, that is to say, with eternity." "The conquest of the deadly flux of time" he adds, "has always been the chief concern of my life."

Waiving the question of the identity of "existential time," whatever that may be, with eternity, I cannot resist the temptation of asking why the remembrance of the past is valuable in the degree in which it rises above time. There are some experiences which are timeless in the sense that the experiencer feels himself to be outside the time process; there is also the experience *in time* of timeless entities, for example, the mathematician's experience of the relations and properties of numbers, and it may be that Berdyaev enjoyed one or both of these. In fact, from his many observations on the subject of mysticism it seems likely that he enjoyed and valued at least the first of them; and if the phrase about conquering "the deadly flux of time" is to be taken at its face value, he presumably seeks to prolong and perpetuate such experiences. But why the writing of an autobiography in which both the writing and the thing written about are, one would have thought, deeply embedded in the time process, should belong to this class of experience and why an account of a life *in time* should be valued in proportion as it partakes of the timeless—these things baffle understanding. The discovery that the timeless world apparently includes personal relations which Berdyaev proposes to exclude from his autobiography precisely on the grounds that "memory must hold these above all things for eternity," leaves me wondering whether I have at all understood his meaning.

Berdyaev emphasises the number of different elements that are synthesised in the unity of his character. Its complexity has been expressed in the variety of his life, which, "passionate and full of dramatic events" has not, he tells us, "been the life of a philosopher." But although he has moved in and with his times, although their destiny has been his, so that "at the deepest mystical level everything that has happened to the world happened to me," nevertheless, he is, he says, "conscious of, and tormented by, the fact that the world is utterly alien and divorced from me." "If" he comments, "I had written a diary it would have borne the legend: *nothing is my own and all things are mine.*" Does this, one wonders, mean any more than that though all our experiences are ours, yet they are also experiences *of* something other than ourselves in the sense that every experience is of something other than the act of experiencing? Does it, in fact, convey anything more than the familiar subject-object distinction? If so, Berdyaev ought to tell us what it is. If not, one can only exclaim in exasperation against a wanton mystification which gives an air of profundity to commonplace observations.

Berdyaev's work is in intention and effect a defence of Christianity against the many hostile influences of our time, against subjectivism and psycho-analysis no less than against Materialism and Marxism. It is an affirmation of the fundamentally spiritual quality of life and as such belongs to the great tradition of Christian mysticism. It has been highly praised by Christian apologists, and I do not doubt that they will find much of spiritual value in this book. For my part, I have found it exhausting as well as exalting and pervaded by a feeling of superiority to ordinary, stupid bourgeois persons which may be natural but is not Christian.

C. E. M. JOAD

DUMAS IN FULL

Alexandre Dumas. By A. CRAIG BELL. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

With a personality Gargantuan in its exuberance and a literary output so enormous as to make a mere Scott or Dickens appear costive when set beside him, the elder Dumas—that "great madcap," as Mr. Craig Bell somewhat oddly calls him—was a legend in his own lifetime. Since the truth about him was itself so strange, it was possible to believe anything of him; after all, if a man has written more than two hundred and fifty plays, novels, travel-books and volumes of reminiscences, it seems churlish to boggle at an additional fifty; and if he takes a new mistress "several times a year" gossip can scarcely be blamed if it provides him with lovers he never had. Certainly such a man is a ready-made subject for the sensational biographer and in England, most of Dumas's biographers have set out with the simple intention of shocking and aweing us. It is Mr. Craig Bell's virtue that he is not a sensational biographer; indeed, one of his aims is to rescue his hero from the sensational biographers, to disentangle the man and the writer from the figure of the legend. He takes a firm line with Dumas's sexual life: after his first five mistresses "the other women associated with him are mere names and of little import to the biographer." On the question of Dumas's collaborations he is very good; he shows, to me quite convincingly, that so far from Dumas having a team of ghosts, he worked in close association with one man only, August Maquet, whose job it was to devil for him, to carry out preliminary research and produce what might be called the rough scripts on which the master was to work. A man who could write 34,000 words in sixty-six hours and send back to Paris during an eight-months' tour of Russia more than 800,000 words of travel sketches and translations did not need ghosts.

But Mr. Craig Bell's book has another aim: to restore his subject to what seems to him his rightful place among the great novelists, a novelist "with a range and power equalled only by Dickens and surpassed only by Balzac." Here it must be admitted that on the face of it Mr. Craig Bell has us at a disadvantage. Most of us stopped reading Dumas at the age of thirteen or so and our memories of d'Artagnan, for instance, are probably inextricably interwoven with those of the late Mr. Douglas Fairbanks's rendering of him. But Mr. Craig Bell has read all the three hundred works attributed to Dumas, and "he who has read only the more famous novels . . . cannot really claim to have 'read Dumas' . . . he is only on the fringe." If one is not persuaded by Mr. Craig Bell it is not for want of willingness; it is, quite simply, because he does not write well enough. His excursions into literary criticism are jejune. To have made his case he would have had to compare Dumas not only with Dickens and Balzac, but also with Stendhal, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, and this he does not do. Instead, he indulges in such exclamations as, of the d'Artagnan of *Vingt Ans Après*, that he "is a man who has ceased to be a creation of pen and ink to become a creature of flesh and blood." It is, in fact, impossible to take a writer of Mr. Craig Bell's insensitivity to language seriously as a critic, and this insensitivity spoils his book as biography. It is useful as a source of information but cannot be read for pleasure, except by those who can take delight in clichés for their own sake. It is partly because of this that when Dumas comes alive in these pages it is not in Mr. Craig Bell's narrative but in the anecdotes related of him, such as that which tells how, when waiting with his secretary for a cab, he flagged a mail van, shouting, "Stop! Give us a lift. We're men of letters too."

WALTER ALLEN

NEW POETRY

Poems. 1938-1949. By ROBERT LOWELL. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Flowering Cactus. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. *Hand and Flower Press.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

Sappho. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Swarming of the Bees. By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Actfive. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Diamond Cut Diamond. By EWART MILNE. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

At last I realised, after distilling Mr. Lowell's poetry the hard way, that the clue to his essence had lain all along in his label, in the only part of a book no one ever notices, the author's name on the title-page. This poet is a Lowell: he belongs to the New England family that speaks only to the Cabots, who in their turn speak only to God; and the Cabots, no doubt, find it worth while to pass on a good deal of what has been said to them by the Lowells. Thanks to his fathers, he stands where he can see on one hand

> Concord where Thoreau
> Named all the birds without a gun
> and on the other Melville's Nantucket,
> where mariners had fabled news
> Of IS, the whited monster.

But he starts, like a true poet, not so much with a birthright as with a lost inheritance all to win again, and with ancestor-hating intentions of his own for its future. He must plough ancient evil—the man-drowning sea, home of Leviathan, the land, an Indian cemetery, the city of Boston, with its square unreal mansions and "real" estate; and his individuality will best appear in his plans for harvest.

The city of Boston, largely owing to Irish immigration, is now predominantly Catholic. Mr. Lowell is a convert of the last hour, and first of his family:

> Neither our clippers nor our slavers reached
> The haven of your peace in this Bay State
> Neither my father nor his father

he says, with arrogant humility, in a poem addressed to the Virgin. One half of his imagination, the ancestral half, is rooted in unconforming Salem; the other, the rebellious half, reaps in orthodox Rome; both, in their time, mighty burners of heretics. Mr. Lowell is, and there's no precedent for it in American literature, a Puritan Catholic. His function is to re-state the pilgrim tradition—a tradition, in him, not acquired from books but deeply and violently alive—in terms of Roman theology; and to save modern Boston, or see it damned first.

Protestantism has always made the best poets, but Catholicism makes the best religious poets. Mr. Lowell is between two worlds, and there lies at once his severest dilemma as a poet, and the most interesting element of his poetic personality. Faith and imagination reside in different though contiguous parts of the psyche. Mr. Lowell's religion is profoundly sincere and movingly expressed, but he has not yet completely possessed it with his poetry. So far he invokes aspects of the Trinity and incidents of the Nativity with far less *poetic* conviction than when he summons Captain Ahab. And a similar dichotomy affects his technique. Each poem has passages of an authoritative directness which is absolutely individual—a line of real Lowell is as distinctive as a line of Auden—while the rest is composed of the crammed imagery which is the *poncif* of our time. Some parts of his poems must be attacked with a mental tin-opener; torn open, they reveal only the dead little oily images packed tight like sardines. But in the others dives the single big image, free yet harpooned, like a White Whale, and after it, towed but pursuing, with one human leg of flesh and one divine leg of ivory, rides its sane-possessed hater-lover, Captain Ahab Lowell! With all his unresolved self-divisions—perhaps because of them—this robust, censorious, exciting newcomer is making himself the second most considerable New-England poet since the nineteenth century.

Mr. Michael Hamburger is a poet of unusually European culture. When he writes about Hoelderlin, Goethe, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, he writes like them: in manner, not in merit, needless to say, yet his sensitivity to their manner is no mean achievement. His Hoelderlin, beginning

> Diotima is dead, and silent
> The island's singing bird

is particularly worthy of its subject. So too is his Eliot—indeed, if no one had noticed Mr. Eliot's sixtieth birthday, several of the best poems of recent years would never have been written. In the central section, *Notebook of a European Tramp*, his style is his lucid, meditative, unhappy own. As a poet, Mr. Hamburger doesn't register a very high voltage, but is none the worse for that. Poetry needn't be a powerful engine to carry away, or a sort of electric chair to slay the reader; it can light a few lamps in the window for the wandering boy, Culture, or discover with its pencilling torch in the midnight street displaced Suffering, its twin brother.

Mr. Lawrence Durrell's verse-play is long and strong enough to be able to encyst some serious faults. The verse is so fine, the plot and characters so false and inadmissible, that he might be writing to the unbelieved-in scenario of a despised enemy, who has inserted Hollywood cliches like "No. Let me finish." Mr. Durrell doesn't really care about the mediocre, man-chasing female intellectual, Lesbian only by birthplace, in whom he has disgraced the name of Sappho, and her love-choice between a quack dictator and his civilisation-hating brother leaves him cold. But he loves Greek islands, and white harbour-towns, and the Ægean; he loves (and I'm with him there too) his own sunny, clear-aired manner of poetry, in which every image is visible from miles out to sea. His play has marvellous moments—the authentic shiver when the Oracle speaks its fearful enigma: "We live as if this world were real," the drunk poetaster's speech ending:

> a whole heaving heap
> Of ineffably herbaceous Alexandrian hermaphrodites!

And some day I hope Mr. Durrell will write a play about Sappho.

Our last three poets are alike, in their freedom from hostility to the reader, in their invitation not to terror, rage or remorse, but to innocent pleasure. Mr. Heath-Stubbs is a Yeatsian neoplatonist who cares, as few dare today, for visual and musical beauty; he has sailed for Byzantium and arrived there. Mr. MacLeish's is a tired, wise, gentle volume; his staying-power has brought him home, still a poet, from the young man's war-dance round the mulberry-bush to the middle-aged man's seat under the mulberry tree. And Mr. Ewart Milne is one of my favourite minor poets. Fifteen years ago, when all the world was young, lad, a friend said "Read Edgell Rickword," and if I'd not lost track of him I could now repay by saying "Read Ewart Milne." The two have a similar way of waywardness, of heartfelt wit, of being known to few, of self-made seedy elegance. Mr. Milne in addition is as Irish as they used to make them, an ugly cygnet of Coole who has matured into the joking splendour of a Wild Goose.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

Thomas Heywood. By F. S. BOAS. *Williams and Norgate.* 8s. 6d.

Heywood was a versatile author and Dr. Boas's aim is "to draw attention to those of his works which are comparatively unfamiliar." Aside from the two domestic tragedies, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* and *The English Traveller*, there remains a bewildering medley of plays, translations and original verse. Dr. Boas appears to have an elementary audience in view: his method is expository rather than critical; the question of Heywood's position as a literary artist is hardly touched upon. By implication Dr. Boas makes large claims for him, both as poet and prose-writer, but rarely condescends to support his contentions by argument. And is it worth while to devote two separate chapters to the long poems *Troia Britannica* and *The Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*? These two sprawling productions have been justly neglected for over three hundred years and although Dr. Boas tries hard to make out a case for them, the extracts he gives are altogether too damaging. More useful might have been a detailed discussion of the lesser dramas such as the delicious and quite un-Roman *Rape of Lucrece*. In general terms, the book provides a brisk kaleidoscopic view of Heywood's varied contribution to our literature.

Under Italian Skies. Edited by ARTHUR STANLEY. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

A thousand different methods were open to Mr. Stanley in compiling an anthology about Italy, and unfortunately he seems to have adopted most of them. There are snippets from Cicero's letters and a translation of Catullus's poem on a brother's funeral followed by Gibbon's character of a Roman Senator. Later there is a piece from the Little Flowers of St. Francis and a rather pedestrian translation from the *Paradiso*. In the next section we find Pater's celebrated passage on the Gioconda and pointless condensations of some of Vasari's lives. The next section is called "The Grand Tour," containing selected pages from Walpole Wilkes, Beckford, together with Mignon's song from *Wilhelm Meister*. And so on through "The Romantics" to "Modern Times." There is much here of great interest and Mr. Stanley usually chooses his pieces with discretion, but the effect of the book is of a collection whose only unity is some connection with Italy. A precise editorial purpose and a more subtle arrangement of the material would have made all the difference.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,081

Set by Arachne MacLeod

Proposals to hold a Sherlock Holmes Exhibition as part of Marylebone's celebrations for the Festival of Britain have produced a great many letters to the *Times* from characters in the Holmes stories. But there has been no word direct from Holmes himself. The usual prizes are offered for the opening 250 words of a new Holmes story entitled: "The Case of the Missing Detective." Entries by November 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,078

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a maxim (prose, limit 50 words) on any contemporary besetting temptation.

Report by Richard Lister

A refreshingly optimistic note turned up rather surprisingly among competitors. The prevailing temptation is evidently pessimism about the state of things. An Existentialist minority was led by J. B. B. Aris, who firmly announced that the only contemporary temptation was suicide, but even he in the end counsels against it. In fear of space shortage only one maxim was asked for, and this makes prize division rather more difficult. But L. E. J. and Goodwill seemed to be clearly the best. A guinea to each of them. A half-guinea to the next eight printed.

> The world's besetting temptation to-day is to groan when it ought to exult; instead of rejoicing over our enlarged capacity for compassion we bemoan the things it has revealed to us; we are like a deaf man who, when his hearing is restored, can only grumble at the noise. L. E. J.

> Do not give way to cynical despair when you consider the signs of the times. Even when you find yourself overwhelmed by imminent unpleasant possibilities, ask yourself what were the signs of the times in Athens on the morning of Marathon or in Rome on the day after Cannae. GOODWILL

> We should ask, not whether a man is honest, but whether he is likely to remain so within the limits of temptation to which he is ordinarily exposed. T. M.

> Do not condemn restraint and good manners under their new names of repressions and inhibitions, for these cost our ancestors much practice and pains to learn, and we have little enough indeed to distinguish us from the apes. MARGARET USBORNE

Human nature being everywhere imperfect, every place is the geographical centre of someone's despair and disillusionment. KATHLEEN RANTELL

In days when law and license are so closely related, even an honest man may think it no crime to break one by not taking the other. G. J. BLUNDELL

He who damns the Government has already signed up with Radio Luxembourg. SIMPLE SIMON

If you buy from under the counter, someone above-board will suffer. C. M. WALKERDINE

There is no escape: every desert island has its neurosis, and its geiger-counter.
L. V. BEHARRELL

Do not regret pre-war days. Look rather to the present, lest it sprout pre-war days for your children to regret, even as the happy time you remember was lost through your parents' regretting pre-war days all their own. DIABLOTIN

The widely popular temptation to regard Communists as the only devils in our political Earthly Paradise should be resisted. It makes things too easy for the devils of reaction. ALLAN M. LAING

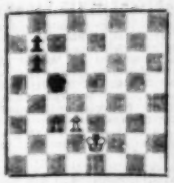
To live behind a curtain is to show an unhealthy liking for darkness.

When temperance and thrift become necessities virtues are harder to find. R. TILEY

CHESS: Multum in Parvo
No. 58

Once before, in this column, we have found a sparsely populated board to offer "more than meets the eye." Indeed, the wildest sacrificial venture bristling with combinative variations may well be child's play compared with the intricacy of a seemingly oversimplified position with a mere pawn or two on either side.

In this study, for instance—N. D. Grigoriev, 1934, White to move and win—it is simple enough to see



that the P-check, followed by K-K3, would give Black an easy draw by pushing one or both pawns. The key-move K-K3 seems obvious because (1) ..... P-Kt4 could now be countered by (2) K-K4. So far so good. Yet a complete solution might well stump even the best of our crack competitors, and a complete analysis would require about three times the space available for this article. Hence a superficial glance at the study's immense complexity will have to do.

(1) K-K3	K-Q4	(2) K-Q2 !	P-Kt4
(3) K-B2			

K-K3 would be countered by P-Kt3 !

(3)	K-B4	(4) K-Kt3	P-Kt3
(5) P-Q4 ch	K-Q4	(6) K-Kt4	K-B3
(7) K-R3 !	K-Q3 !	(8) K-Kt2	

The subsequent shrewd manœuvring is caused by the necessity for the White K to occupy his Q3 precisely after the Black K has been forced on to his Q4.

(8)	K-Q4	(9) K-Kt3	K-Q3
(10) K-B2	K-B3	(11) K-Q2 !	K-Q3
(12) K-K3	K-Q4		

He has no option because of the White K's threat to go to K4. The win is now fairly easy, but White would encounter far more pitfalls if Black on his 3rd move had offered the shrewd sacrifice P-Kt5 ! White could not but accept it, with considerable positional risks.

(4) PxP	K-Q5	(5) K-Q2	P-Kt3 !
(6) K-B2	K-K6	(7) K-B3	P-Kt4
(8) K-B2	K-B5 !		

Obviously the White P cannot advance yet. Again, White must resort to a "tempo-duel" involving Zugzwang. Black is loth to enter K6 unless White has played K-B3. But White's winning resource is his ability to have both B2 and B3 to play with.

(9) K-Kt2	K-B6	(10) K-Kt3	K-B5
(11) K-B2 !	K-K4	(12) K-Q1 !	

Obviously (11) ..... K-B6 would have been countered by (12) K-Q2. White is now out of the wood. The rest is relatively easy.

(12)	K-Q4	(13) K-K2	K-Q5
(14) K-Q2	K-K4 !	(15) K-K3	K-Q4
(16) P-Q4	K-B5	(17) K-K4	KxP
(18) P-Q5	K-B4	(19) K-K5	P-Kt5
(20) P-Q6	K-B3	(21) K-K6	P-Kt6
(22) P-Q7	P-Kt7	(23) P queens	P queens
(24) Q-QB8 ch and wins			

After such an headache, something livelier (and relatively easier) may be indicated for the competition:

A: R. Reti, 1928 **B**: S. Isenegger, 1950

all the more facilitated by a rather striking similarity in the basic idea of both positions. White to move and win in each of them.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION
Set September 30.

A: (1) B-R1, KxB; (2) K-B2, etc.; (if 1) ..... Ks-Kt7 ch; (2) K-Q2, KxB; (3) K-B1, etc.

B: (1) R-R8, RxR; (2) P-K6, Q-Kt1; (3) R-Kt8 ch, QxR; (4) PxQ(Q)ch, BxQ; (5) Kt2B7 mate.

The Zepler study, as it stands, is evidently "cooked," but the fine basic idea might be saved by putting the Black QBP at B7. Prizes shared by Mrs. H. Birckbeck, L. Instone, H. Lobbenberg, J. Anderson Stewart. Some of our overseas competitors would like a few days' grace. This would be difficult in the summer, when I am abroad, and all entries must be airmailed on to me Monday night. Meanwhile, though (and until further notice) foreign friends may well have an extra three days.

ASSIAC

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, London, W.8. Centrally situated, 2 mins. from trains and buses. Bed & breakfast, double rooms 20s. Single 10s. 6d. 'Phone BAYswater 5895.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

NEAR Harrods. Inexpensive pied-à-terre in well-kept house: comf. divan rooms, concealed basins, always v. hot water, baths, 'phones, gas fires, bkfsts. Gentlemen only. 3½ gns. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns. KEN. 4367.

SOUTH Kensington. Close to station. Pleasant, furn., bed-sitting room, with gas fire & ring. Full use of kitchen and bathroom. £2 15s. p.w., including gas, light, constant hot water. (Single woman only.) Box 8992.

HAMPSTEAD. Unfurnished, 2 rooms (1 with kitchen fitments), £2 7s. 6d. ; Unfurnished bed-sitting room £1 12s. 6d. To let, separately or together. Box 9135.

BED sitting-room in modern Court for Gentleman, to let. BAY. 6754 after 6 p.m.

TO let, furnished bed-sitting rooms, with or without breakfast. Bayswater. From £2 15s. Box 9066.

WELL-furnished single bed-sit. room, bathroom constant hot water, service and breakfast. 2½gns. GLA. 1967.

FURNISHED cottage near N. Devon beach, to let for winter. Bath, W.C., 3 bed., £4 per week. Box 9023.

N. DEVON coast, 10s. wk. cot. for winter, all conv. ex. elec. Sleep 6. Box 8993.

FRESHWATER Bay. To let now for 5 mths., well-furn. bungalow, all mod. cons. 2 bedrms., sleep 3. 2½gns. week. Box 9559.

RETIRED businessman, living in small, labour-saving, centrally-heated house, would share with married couple or two women for minimum of six months. For details apply V. G. Forth, Karoon, Hillside, East Dean, Eastbourne. East Dean 3133.

STUDIO and maisonette, Kensington. Exchange ground floor or house. Box 8852.

WANTED urgently, unfurn. flat, 3 rms., k. & b., by young prof. couple. Moderate rent. London. Box 9125.

YNG. woman used pleasant home, sks. share flat another, preferably Hampstead St. John's Wood. Reasonable. Box 8937.

UNFURN. s.c. accommodation required Middlesex or London bordering on; minimum 1 large room, up to 3 rooms, bathroom, cooking facilities & telephone prefd. Box 8934.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YOUNG Univ. lecturer, married, sks. accom. London. Anything considered. Box 8850.

URGENTLY required, unfurnished accommodation, preferably N.W. London. Anything consid. Willing to decorate. Box 9017.

WOMAN student needs unfurnished rooms, farmhouse or house with garden, nr., bus or train London. Box 9297.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

IN Samuel Palmer's Village of Shoreham. Unspoilt country one hour London. 6-roomed semi-detached house, small garden, garage. £1,340. Box 8801.

SOMERSET. Detached, old-world, beamed cottage in pleasant village 10 miles Weston-super-Mare, 5 mls. Cheddar, 3 bedrms., panelled lounge, small dining room, large kit., tiled bathroom with independent shower, separate flush lavatory. Completely modernised, fitted cupboards (one airing), all-elec. equipment (cooker, constant h.w., etc.). Company's water, mod. septic tank drainage. Small but attractive gdn. Ideal retired couple. £2,750 freehold, no offers, for quick sale. Box 8857.

FRIENDLY and delightful former inn in Colchester. Redecorated and modernised throughout with two bathrooms. Freehold. £2,050 only. Write Nun Garden, The Whalebone, 72 East Hill, Colchester.

FREEHOLD and fully licensed small Residential Hotel, within 3 miles of large Army Camp and close to fishing and sporting centre, contg. 12 bedrooms, for sale with immed. possess., £8,000 near. Details: 1792, Forrester-Addie & Son, Dolgellay (Tel. 244).

FOR Sale: Modern freehold semi-d. house, with vacant possession. 3 bedrms., sitting-room, dining room, bathroom, kitchen, all in excellent condition. Large garden. Country district 1 hr. London. 5 mins. shops, buses, trains. £2,400. J. Wilson, 25 Bradbourne Rd., Bexley, Kent. Bexley-heath 1239.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth. 10s.; 3 mths. £1; 6 mths. 30s.; 1 year £2 12s. 6d. Club centres, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (HOL. 5088).

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

LECTURE Hall. Seat 250. Available evenings Thursday to Saturday and Saturday afternoons (not Sunday, not political meetings). Equipment for refreshments. Apply Secretary, Mary Ward Settlement, 5/7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUSton 1816.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partica. MUS. 8023.

LEARN Shorthand by December 9 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp, Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

DESSERT Apple Trees—Varieties for the Connoisseur—On Malling IX stocks. Good quality at moderate prices. Other fruit trees. List from Robert Moseley, Whincote Gardens, Roundabouts, Pulborough, Sussex.

NEW Leather goods of superb quality & workmanship. L. Brief cases. Brown with 2 straps, triple lock & hide handle, size 15in. × 11in. (a) real hide, 2 pockets, 65s. each; 3 pockets 85s. each; (b) solid leather, 1 pocket 32s. 6d. each, 2 pockets 45s. each, 3 pockets 62s. 6d. each. 2. Wallets with usual compartments for notes, tickets, stamps, etc., and large back pocket, (a) real morocco, black or brown, each 25s.; (b) solid leather in brown croc. grain or black morocco grain, each 15s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd., (Dept. 305), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

SCHOOLS

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks. School of 40 children run on Activity Methods with support of Parents' Group. Small group of weekly boarders 5-6 years of age. Week-end escort to and from Waterloo. Miss Underwood, N.F.U.

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 8 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. FLa 0489.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Essex, particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Elsom Ave., Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

SCHOOLS—continued

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. Michael's College, Bexley. (Day & Boarding School for Boys.) Boys prepared for Common Entrance, General Schools Certificate and other public examinations. High percentage of successes in all subjects. The School is set in beautiful surroundings in the Garden of England—Home produce from extensive gardens. Moderate fees—Write to Secretary for Prospectus. St. Michael's College, Bexley, Kent.

ST. TIMOTHY'S School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Strokes, N.F.U.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snedgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica 1940 also Year-book 1949, perfect condition—best offers: "New Statesman," August, 1931 to 1950, offers; "Horizon," No. 1-92, offers; "New Yorker," current numbers, offers; "Horizon," complete, £15 15s.; "Saturday Book," 1-9, complete, £6 15s., Encyclopædia Britannica, 13th edition, £18, all nice condition; Ski-boots, 4½, almost new, £3 10s.; Russian Linguaphone, unused, £7; German Linguaphone, slightly used, £6; French Linguaphone records, new, £6; Good big divan, £12; Siamese kittens, 2-4gns.; Chanel No. 5 Lotion, £2 2s.; Leisong "Passionnement," £2 10s.; G.E.C. Vacuum cleaner, 220/230 v., £8 10s. (cost £22).

WANTED: Holdsworth's History of E.L. and other law books; "Horizon" (complete set); The Fitzrun, 7 vols. or odd; Mauthner's "Altogether"; Books on Typography; Bicycle for 7-year-old, tricycle for 5-year-old, and trees set, of any type, second-hand, but strong, in good condition; French Linguaphone, good condition; Afrikaans Linguaphone set; Portable Hammond Typewriter or Vari-Typer; Guitar, old second-hand, state maker's name, condition, price; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges: under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service. Vacancies will shortly exist in both Trinidad and British Guiana for an Economic Adviser. Duties will be to advise the respective Governments on economic policy with special emphasis on commercial, industrial and development aspects, and to undertake administrative and committee work as may be required. The functions of both posts will involve close collaboration with the Financial Secretary and in the case of the British Guiana post will include those of Development Commissioner who will be responsible for the planning of development schemes and the overall supervision of their execution. Candidates should possess, in addition to academic qualifications such as a first- or second-class honours degree preferably in economics, commercial and industrial experience in responsible administrative positions. For the Trinidad post the salary is £1,875 per annum for appointment on agreement for three years, or £1,700 per annum for a permanent and pensionable appointment on two years' probation. The salary of the British Guiana post is £1,600 per annum for a permanent and pensionable appointment on two years' probation. Pensionable terms could not be offered to candidates over the age of 45. Intending applicants should submit brief particulars of age, qualifications and experience to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., S.W.1.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' postgraduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degree in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25–£900; Scientific Officers £400 × £25–£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects, (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects, and (d) Miscellaneous (including, e.g. Library and Technical Information Services). No further applications can be accepted from Biologists, Geologists or Meteorologists. Interviews will be held throughout the remainder of the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 28 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on 1st August, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men): £250–£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St. London, W.1, quoting 3068.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service. Nigeria. Woman Nutrition Officer required to investigate and advise upon nutrition problems. Post is permanent and pensionable. Salary scale, including pensionable expatriation allowance £660–£1,300. Free passages on appointment and leave, generous home leave with full pay. Income tax at local rates much lower than in United Kingdom. Candidates should, preferably be University graduates and must hold a Diploma in Dietetics. Further particulars and application forms obtainable on write to: recruitment Director of Recruitment, Colonial Services, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, quoting reference 27322/4.

TRADE Union Head Office, London, require Research Worker—initiative, knowledge of general office work an advantage. Salary £546 p.a.; permanency to suitable applicant—superannuation scheme. State age, education, experience, etc. Box 9122.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited for the post of an additional Educational Psychologist for a full-time two-team Clinic at Chelmsford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should hold an Honours Degree in Psychology, or its equivalent, and have had clinical training at a recognised Training Centre for Child Guidance Work. Salary scale—men £650 × £25—£850, women £585 × £20 (4) × £15 (1) to £680. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Vacancies for whole-time officers: (a) Child Psycho-Therapist (with Degree or Diploma in Psychology and training and experience in play therapy). Salary £585 p.a. by £20 to £680 p.a.; (b) Three "single-handed" Speech Therapists (who are Licentiates or Fellows of the College of Speech Therapists), salary £350 p.a. by £12 10s. to £500 p.a. according to experience; (c) Four Psychiatric Social Workers (holding Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or a certificate or diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers), salary £370 p.a. by £20 to £530 p.a. In each case a car allowance is payable in accordance with the Council's scale. Full particulars and applic. forms available from: Dr. J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

SOUTH Oaks, a 729-bed psychiatric hospital environs New York City, has vacant two fellowships in psychiatry $3,000 each with full maintenance to begin January 1, 1951. Apply M. S. Tutley, M.D., Sunrise Highway, Amityville, New York.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Full-time Educational Psychologist of either sex required as soon as possible for Herts County Child Guidance Clinics and Educational Services. Honours Degree or Diploma in Psychology, Child Guidance Training and teaching experience required. Experience in Child Guidance Clinics desirable. Salary according to previous experience on Scale I (women—£495 × £20—£560, and men—£550 × £25—£700). Applications (no forms issued) with names of three referees, to be sent to County Education Officer, County Hall, Hertford, from whom further particulars may be obtained, within two weeks from the date of the appearance of this advertisement.

A QUALIFIED Psychiatric Social Worker is required for four sessions weekly, at the Miller General Hospital (Tues. a.m. and p.m., Thurs. a.m. and one by arrangement). Salary and conditions in accordance with J.N.C. recommendations. Applications, giving details experience and names of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary, G. & D. H.M.C., St. Alfege's Hospital, Greenwich, S.E.10, as soon as possible.

LONDON County Council. Required at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row (tenable from January to 1951, part time (7 10ths) Head of Department of Drawing Painting, etc. Applicants should be practising artists (some teaching experience preferable). Salary 7 10ths of Burnham Scale for Head of Grade II Department, £800 × £25—£950, plus London allowance and applicable graduate and training additions. Form of application from the Secretary at the school enclosing stamped addressed envelope. Returnable by November 25, 1950. (1333)

SENIOR organising post in British Council for Aid to Refugees to develop, in co-operation with Regional Officers, programme for sponsorship and placing of specialised workers. Experience with displaced persons and knowledge of voluntary organisations essential. Application, giving full details of past experience and names of three referees, to Secretary, British Council for Aid to Refugees, 19, Dunraven St., London, W.1.

APPLICATIONS for training for employment as probation officers can be considered from British subjects between 21 and 40 years of age who have a University Certificate in Social Science or equivalent qualifications. Candidates without such a qualification can be considered if they have had a sound education, which will enable them to benefit from a course of study at a University and some practical experience in the field of social service. Special arrangements may be made for university students who are accepted for training following graduation. Applications can also be considered from persons over the age of 40 who are exceptionally qualified by experience for the work of a probation officer. Particulars of allowances payable during training and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill a vacancy on our Organising Staff (North-West England). Initiative, good personality and Trade Union background required. Basic salary up to £400 p.a. plus cost of living allowance at present 37½ per cent. Application form from The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

WANTED immediately. Experienced bookseller, preferably with working knowledge of stationery to take charge of an established book department for West London Departmental Store. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young man or woman possessing initiative and ability. Salary £6 14s. 6d. Apply in first instance, giving full particulars of age and experience, etc., to Staff Manager, NS, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 34 Marsland St., Stretford, E.15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Talks Producer, Edinburgh. Successful candidate will require to specialise in broadcast talks and discussions on Scottish Agriculture and Horticulture; to handle talks on general subjects; to plan and produce such talks and discussions; and to select speakers and edit scripts. Essential qualifications are a knowledge of Scottish affairs and literature, with special emphasis on Farming subjects, and an ability to get on with rural people. Starting salary £745 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Talks Producer, Edinburgh, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. env.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Legal Assistant in the Solicitor's Department. Candidates must be qualified solicitors, and have had good experience of conveyancing and litigation. Starting salary £745 rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Solicitor N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

MARTINS (Dyers & Cleaners), Ltd., of Apperley Bridge, nr. Bradford, invite applications for the position of Personnel Officer. Commencing salary offered from £450–£900 according to qualifications and ability. Applicants must possess Diploma in Social Studies or equivalent or higher qualifications and must have had two years' post-graduate experience of work in this field or similar. Write stating age and full details of education, qualifications and experience to Personnel Manager.

BRISTOL Royal Hospital. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Warden (resident) in the Nurses' Homes of the Bristol Royal Hospital. Duties will involve the care of the home and social life of nurses and does not include catering. Candidates should be aged between 30 and 45. Salary will be at the rate of £300 per annum less £100 for full board and lodging. Applications, giving full details of age and experience, to The Secretary, Bristol Royal Hospital, Bristol, 2.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Housemother required in new Home for emotionally disturbed children, aged 7–12. Resident salary £200–£310 according to experience. The children are expected to stay for periods of about a year and to attend local schools. Please write fully stating exp. & special aptitudes (music, craft, etc.), Warden, Ponds, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

LONDON County Council. Resident Housemaster required at Wood Vale, Elder Rd., S.E.27, a home for children placed in the Council's care for short periods. Applicants will be required to organise and develop the children's home life, including recreational activities. Training and experience of the problems affecting the care of deprived children are necessary qualifications. Salary £300–£15–£420, with full residential emoluments. Single quarters only. For application forms and further details send stamped addressed envelope to the Children's Officer (CH. A.2.90), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (1268)

ESSEX County Council. Assistant Housemothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enq. to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School for 30 Maladjusted Children, Herefordshire. (Recognised by Ministry of Education.) Warden, W. David Wills. Head Teacher (Woman) required. Resident. Preference to candidate having teaching experience. Sharing teaching with man assistant. Salary, Burnham Scale. Two additional increments for Special School Work. Full board. All Staff help in care of children. Particulars and form of application (to be returned not later than November 25, 1950) obtained from Secy., 23 Laburnum Rd., Birmingham.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon, Children's Department. A vacancy has arisen for a Resident Assistant House Matron in a small Home for twelve maladjusted boys and girls. Salary: £5 3s. 0d. weekly less 23s. for full residential emoluments. Stamped addressed envelope for application form to Children's Officer, 11, Katharine St., Croydon. E. Tabernier, Town Clerk.

CLUB Leader (experienced man or woman over 30) wanted immediately for mixed Youth Club and Junior Clubs, Quinn Square Social Centre, Southwark. Resident or non-resident. Salary from £200, according to experience, with residential emoluments equal to £130 per annum. Non-residents salary in proportion. For application forms, to be returned by November 18, apply: Deputy Warden, 44 Nelson Square, S.E.1.

HIGHLY qualified technical man with Christian Pacifist convictions & progressive outlook, with view to directorship paint & plastics resin-plus chemical factory, offered house 7 rooms and salary £1 2,000 according to qualifics. & ability. Apply in confidence: Box 9002.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Drama Organiser required to take charge of and foster dramatic activities in Settlement and affiliated organisations. Applicants should hold a Diploma of a recognised School. Music and dancing an additional qualification. Salary £330 p.a. Further particulars from: Warden, Pontypool Educational Settlement, Rockhill Rd., Pontypool, Mon.

LONDON County Council, Youth Employment Service. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as assistant youth employment officers (salary £240 × £20—£300, £25—£550). In exceptional circumstances a commencing salary above the minimum may be authorised. There is an immediate vacancy at Poplar, East London, but applicants may be considered for other London vacancies which may arise in the near future. Candidates should have had experience of youth employment or similar work or of local government generally. The appointment will be within the general major establishment (administrative) service of the Council. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2), the County Hall, London, S.E.1, and must be returned not later than November 25, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (1359)

WHY Not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200–£225 a year, plus dependant's allowances? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 16 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast, and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for illustrated brochure and full particulars.

YOUTH Leader (part-time) wanted for Co-operative Youth Club at Chislehurst, Kent. Rate based on Burnham Scale. Full details available upon request, together with special form upon which applications should be made within 7 days from the date of this advertisement. Write: Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Limited, 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, S.E.20.

APPLICATIONS will be considered from men between 21 and 30 to train for full-time appointments with the Y.M.C.A. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S. 21, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts, requires a teacher and a matron. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

SHORTHAND-typist required for Registrar's office. Salary £260 rising to £320 a year according to age and experience. Good working conditions. Five-day week. Five weeks' paid holiday. Pension scheme. Apply in writing, giving details of age, education and experience, to the Registrar, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WAR-blinded ex-N.C.O. would appreciate a break. Aged 31, married, prepared go anywhere. M.A. French Hons., Dip. Ed. Oxon, Lic. ès-Lettres and Diplôme de Langue et Litterature Françaises, France. Fluent in conversational and commercial French. Subsid. German. Proficient shorthand typist. Fully qualified teacher. Residential experience abroad. Seeks post general or educational administration, Export Dept., foreign correspondent or agent, Adult Educ., etc. Salary secondary importance if work congenial. Very good memory, hard worker, sociable and good sense of humour. Suggestions welc. Box 9593.

SIX years solicitor S. Africa; published small journal; good organiser/administrator; interested theatre administration; seeks post. Address: BM/HEYM, W.C.1.

NEW Zealander, 35, capable, experienced, desires position secretary, preferably resident, or housekeeper. Influential people. Willing to travel. Box 9165.

GRADUATE, energetic, domesticated, with varied exp. in research work, teaching, etc., has pered by sole responsibility of young son, seeks employment where she can be of use to humanity. Box 9056.

B.Sc., F., 24, Chem. & Maths, experienced scientific abstracting and information, typing, studying statistics (F.R.S.S.); driving licence. Willing to travel, requires position of responsibility. Box 9296.

SKILLED craftsman, all building trades, capable, full charge maintenance dept. Single 40, countryman, intelligent, educated. Box 9053.

LADY (29), seeks employment where own child of 5 yrs. welc. Housekeeping pref. but anything considered. Fond of children, needlewoman, able to drive. Box 9120.

NEWSPAPER secretary, 21 years, hard-working and ambitious, seeks interesting post abroad. Box 9151.

ASST. editor (30), non-party political journal, seeks change; part-time pref.; contributor literary reviews. Box 9039.

LADY with extensive knowledge French, German, Russian, Italian, typing, seeks suitable position. Club, Hotel, Travel Agency, etc. Apply Box 9028.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EDUCATED woman, excellent cook and caterer, also secretarial exp., seeks post in country, Somerset/Wilts. pref. Box 9330.

LADY, Diploma Design., exper. secretarial-admin. work, much travelled abroad, seeks change to interesting (organising-research) position with film company or educational authority where knowledge of historic/contemporary dress, taste & languages reqd. Box 9032.

PERSONAL

PERSONAL assistant, private secretary. Available afternoons London. Knowledge of Dutch, French, Italian. References. Embassy experience. Shorthand and typing. Initiative, capable of dealing with correspondence, visitors and interviewing. Box 9515.

THE London Bach Group, Conductors Walter Goehr and John Minchinton, recently formed to perform Bach cantatas and similar works, invite applications from singers who have a good standard of sight-reading. Please reply: Sec., 68a Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10.

WANTED. Transport for two small boys, living Chelsea, to Hampstead school, by 9.15 a.m., collect 4.15 p.m. and return. Sharing basis. KNI. 1476.

SOLE parent offered self-contained suite in Regents Park with care, school and company for one child between four and six years old. Box 8503.

ECONOMICS graduate, 5 years' town planning national & local government exped. industrial & social research, wishes contact interested architect, view partnership planning consultants. Could provide premises. Town planning qualifications, keen interest landscape architecture. Full particulars Box 8531.

EXCHANGE stay in Florence offered by Italian wishing to visit U.K. few months. As pair considered. Box 8915.

FOR elderly people, a beautiful house in the South is to be opened during the next few months. The intention is to provide comfort, warmth, care and excellent food for permanent residents. One of the principals is a London trained nurse, and a few bed-ridden guests can be included. Terms probably from 4½ to 8gns. Preliminary inquiries invited. Box 8826.

BOOK Publishers, established, general list, leading authors, American agency, increasing turnover, offer purchase of resigning partner's third share. £5,000. Audited accounts. Box 8831

BOOKS purchased. Small or large collections of books on most subjects wanted. I will call, town or country, without expense or obligation to the vendor. Frank Sayers, 14 William IVth St., W.C.2. TEMple Bar 9243.

PRIVATE winter sports party going to Austria at Christmas. Moderate, inclusive terms. Box 9353.

FRENCH girl wishes to stay as mother's help in an English family. Apply to "Cours Rouget de Lisle," 3 Avenue Léon Gourdault, Chatry-le-Roi (Seine), France.

YOUNG woman wants fem. companion for Winter Sports holiday. Box 8878.

GALLERY near Leicester Square offers window space, staff service and basement room for publisher or art agency, £7 per week all in. Box 9182.

VERSATILE young lady requires work Saturday mornings. Excellent shorthand, typing; fluent French, Spanish; modelling. What offers? Box 8925.

SKI with us, ramble with us in many sunny places abroad. Parties throughout the winter. Write for programme to Ramblers Association Services, 48 (V), Park Rd., N.W.1.

SEC. to M.P. seeks extra work—interesting (possibly residential) week-end job (handy London) with professional man, specialist, author, scientist, preferred. High shorthand/typing speeds but willing try any work as alternative to semi-idle week-ends. Car driver, domesticated, happy personality, generally adaptable. Purely nominal remuneration. Write Box 8892.

CHRISTMAS Cards that are Different! Original Wood-engravings and Colour Prints, etc., from The Cocklands Press, Burford, Oxford. Prices from 2½d. Selections on approval: post free in the U.K.

"HINTS on Etiquette," a charming reprint from 1830. With Brian Robb's colour plates. In the shops again for Xmas. 3s. 6d. Turnstile Press, 10, Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

PROGRESSIVE firm requires director able to invest £6,000 to prevent control falling into possibly undesirable hands. Must have genuine interest in enlightened business management. Box 8909.

PRINT consultant, London, undertaking the layout, presentation, typography, editing and printing of publicity literature, invites inquiries from Industrial Authorities, Societies, or Business Organisations. Box 8541.

NATIONAL Service. The Central Board for Conscientious Objectors offers its advice to any man intending to register as a C.O. under the National Service Act. Write to: 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

DO you want to be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament is now enrolling members for 53rd session. All parties and independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in debates. Mtgs. Town Hall, Weds., 8.15. Sec., 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

PERSONAL—continued

AN appointment should be arranged now, if Private Portraits are required for Xmas. List on request. John Vickers, Photographer, 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. Tel.: VIC. 4915.

FIRST-class general publisher invites submission MSS. of new fiction and general literature. Preliminary letter to John Calder (Publishers), Ltd., Queen's House, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

A WINTER Sports Holiday planned by a keen skier! Join a small conducted party of young professional people, or let me plan an independent holiday for you. All personally inspected centres, incl. Kitzbuehel, Soelden, Obergurgl, Arosa; 16 days' holiday from £78. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CHRISTMAS on Skis in Tyrol. All ages welcome Dec. 23-Jan. 2, £21. Dr. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

FOR children and adolescents the vitalising, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating effects of nerve manipulation are invaluable. A therapy of proved value in conditions of fatigue, nervous tension and physical debility. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

BARGAIN, Caravan, Glyder type, sun trap nose, 17ft. x 7ft. Cavity walls, solid fuel stove, calor gas, all necessities, excellent condition. £130. McDonald, "Calluna," Dudsbury Rd., Ferndown, Dorset. Ferndown 659.

HALL in Bloomsbury for meetings, dances, etc. Seat 150. Afternoon 2½gns., eve. 5gns. (Sat. 6gns.). Apply A.W.G., 6 Queen Square, W.C.1, or tel. Margaret Nelson, KEN. 9316.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds; Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

THOROUGHLY recommended. 1950 proprietary 4-berth caravan, sprung mattresses, fully insulated, divides two compartments, end kitchen, gas cooking, lighting, heating. Equipped. Seriously reduced, £285. Box 8662.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken to the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance quotation. Write Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

ENGLISH for foreigners. Written and spoken. VICtoria 9566.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

FRENCH holiday? Play now with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. Horestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Marie Heynemann, 179 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

PIANO lessons given by first-class teacher, also children's classes. EUS. 3466.

EN Famille in France or Switzerland. Exchange or paying guest basis. Congenial arrangements made all year round by social workers. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61, Willows Rd., London, N.W.5. PRImrose 1370.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher, Oral and post. Next, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

MATHS. Personal tuition wherever you are. Postal courses. Bacon, 136 Coombe Rd., Salisbury.

SUB-editing of articles, MSS., for periodicals by expd. journalist. Box 8821.

HEBREW (speciality beginners) by qualified teacher, formerly Israel. Box 8822.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation, Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 8777.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6310.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Bronesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian lady. Telephone PAD. 9810.

F. KRAMER gives lessons in Portrait Painting. Flat C, 91 Greencroft Gdns., N.W.6.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

HALL with stage for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI 3678. Plays, mtgs., socials, dances.

DAM that draught with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 15 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

ESCAPE to Sunshine! Write for your copy of Cook's "Winter Sunshine," a free 140-page booklet, packed with ideas for wonderful holidays in sunny lands. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. OT/2c/FS, Berkeley St., London, W.1, or branches.

PERSONAL—continued

"THIS England." No collected edition this year, but 1946-9 selection (illustd. Searle) makes admirable Xmas card (2s.).

STOKE House Crafts Centre—nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Facilities for Pottery, Wood and Soft Stone Carving, Weaving, etc. Inclusive terms from 16s. 6d. per day. 15-week and one year General Crafts Courses at reduced fees will begin during 1951.

WINTER Sunshine on the Continent—10 days from £15. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 110 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.2. Tel.: WHI. 4114/5.

FRENCH Riviera 10 days' holiday for £22 10s. from London includes coach travel Grenoble to Nice across the Alps and Nice to Marseilles along Mediterranean coast, 7 days' full board in Nice and all meals en route. Write, call, phone, now for details: Contours, Ltd. 72, Newman St. W.1. MUS. 8499 & 6465.

WINTER Sports Christmas Holiday in Switzerland for adults, students, and teen-age children. Prices, including escort, hotel & ski-instruction, etc., from £24 10s. C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

WEEK-end country house parties. London dances. Write now for Christmas programme: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOLborn 5831.

WINTER Sports. Captain Franklin again organising his conducted initiation and expert parties. Switzerland, France, Austria, Norway. Fully inclusive. Informal. Sole chge. taken children under 16 if req., reduced rates. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd. 33 Gordon Square, London W.C.1. Euston 4181.

WE can offer numerous low cost winter holidays in the Austrian Tyrol, French Riviera & Italian Lakes from £26. 15 days London. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, nr. Haslemere, Surrey, offers holidays with first-class food, comfort and recreation in beautiful surroundings. Long winter visits now being booked at spec. rates. Frequent bus serv., easy access London. Fernhurst 276.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Come and enjoy a mellow autumn. Good fires and good food. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

IF you have been ill, try Old Flaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley offers restful holidays. Unspoilt country; home-grown fruit and vegetables; bkfast. or lunch (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

GRAYSWOOD —Wheatsheaf Inn. Between Haslemere & Godalming. Pleasant bedrooms. Charming garden. Tel.: Haslemere 422. Manager: Mr. A. C. Cornwall.

WOOD Court, Seven Hills Road, Cobham, Surrey. For thorough rest and relaxation. Informal and friendly Guest House in 22 acres garden and woodland make pretty country only 17 miles from London's W. end. Good food, own produce; modern convs., maximum cleanliness and comfort. Near golf, riding, Thames fishing and boating, etc. Valuable library, philosophy and psychology, etc. Terms from 5gns. full board. Lock-up garages. Tel. Cobham 3224, or write for brochure.

S. DEVON Guesthouse overlooking Teign Estuary. Facing South. Central heating. Ideal quiet autumn and winter holidays. Library and congenial household. Also limited bookings for Christmas party. Andrews & Manning, Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

TALLAND Bay, Cornwall. Country house having all amenities offers personal attention few guests autumn and winter. Secluded gardens, warm climate, own farm produce, magnificent rural and coastal scenery. Terms from 4½gns. Box 8239.

WALLINGFORD-on-Thames. White Cross Country House Hotel. 6 acres lovely grnds. Private fishing. Sailing, tennis. Tel. 3155.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor. Loveliest country house among Cornwall's finest beaches. Golf St. Enodoc (Rock). Surf-bathing, Polzeath. Open all year. Port Isaac 234.

OWN produce, log fires, Vi springs, views, peace, quartet. Beacon Privet Hotel, Salcombe, S. Devon. Tel.: Salcombe 193.

HASTINGS 4571. Optima conditions, congenial atmosphere always. Competitive winter terms. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina, on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrms. Terms, Oct.-May, 3½-5gns. Tel. Hastings 5210.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall. Hotel Camelot offers peace and comfort in happy atmosphere. Brochure on request.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne line). Phone: Horeham Rd. 32.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone: Bude 147.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3613.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

AMERSHAM, Bucks. Charming vegetarian or food reform guest house in the Chiltern Hills. Pleasant garden of 2 acres overlooking open country; 5 mins. station; H. & C. all rooms, home-grown fruit & vegetables. Winter vacancy for business couple at special tariff. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham. Tel. 1334.

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school, 1,370ft. high Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs day, inc. Write brochure: "Le Cerisier," Cour-sur-Montreux.

WINTER is warmer at Farringford, a delightful country house hotel and cosy cottages in the loveliest part of the Isle of Wight. Central heating, h. & c. water, perfect service. Licensed. A.A. and R.A.C. appnd. from 6gns. p.w. Write to any office of Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., or Dean & Dawson, Ltd.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach St. Enodoc Golf Course. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all the year round.

OXON. You can spend the autumn and winter in warmth and comfort without fear of river mists at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Good food; perfect for a honeymoon. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

BRUSSELS. Café Restaurant de la Cour-onne, exc. food, comfort and recreation, wekes. people of all nationalities. Children catered for; vegetarian guests; 9d. table; also full board, meal, terms. Open for after-theatre suppers etc. 73 rue des Plantes. Tel. 181970.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1. MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1. GER. 4783 (opposite Prescott) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

HIGH time you tried the S.F. Grill & Café, 6 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus (35 years old). The Fried Chicken Plate—the Sandwiches—the Lemon Meringue Pie, and lots of other good things to eat for lunch, tea and before "The Show."

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

TURNSTILE Press. Complete list of published books and descriptive announcements of forthcoming titles now ready. Sent anywhere free. 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Economics, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. November issue now ready. Of all booksellers 3s. net (30s. p.a. post free).

WHAT to Read in Foreign Languages. The November issue of The Linguist surveys the books being read to-day in France, Germany and Spain. Obtainable from newsagents, 1s. monthly, or from 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. 12s. 6d. yearly.

"LONDON Musical Events." Joad, Hartnell, C. B. Rees, Wm. Mann, George Montagu contribute monthly. 48 pages. Illustrated. At bookstalls 1s., or from 107 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

"THE King's Highway" by Rees Jeffreys—"the greatest living authority—a fascinating Study—written with a Trevelyan touch. An indispensable book for all road users, road-makers and road administrators. From Batchworth Press, 74 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1, and booksellers, 18s. 6d. post free.

BOOK Bargains. Hundreds of titles. Call or send for list. All books 2s. each. All subjects. Trade supplied. Bargain Book Co., 181 Oxford St., W.1.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 6s. 6d. Secy., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

ANTHROPOSOPHY. Books may be borrowed from the Rudolf Steiner Library. Apply 105 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0906.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6900. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Tulgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd. Bridport, Dorset.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted! Selected German books on philosophy, history, prose, poetry and art in stock. Continental Book Supply, 32a Chomeley Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1482.

WHEN you are in London please come and see our stock of Christmas Books & Cards. We are near the Brompton Oratory & Post Street. Temple Fortune Bookshop, Ltd., 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KEN. 0221.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8472.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days, 5.0 & 8.0. "Queen Elizabeth." Wed. next and Evs. 7.0. "Preserving Mr. Pannure." Mems.

"THE Good Natured Man," by Oliver Goldsmith. A student costume production by the Hovenden Players will be presented for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Longitude 49." Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. No child under 16.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Marx Brothers Festival. Now "Horse Feathers" (U). From Nov. 13: "Monkey Business" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 4244. Nov. 12, 7.30: "Man Who Could Work Miracles" (A).

LONDON Film Club. Next programme: Royal Empire Society Theatre. Nov. 15th, Pudovkin Programme. "Storm Over Asia," excerpts from "End of St. Petersberg," "Mother." Mems. only. Pars. Sec. 20-21 Took's Court, Cursitor St. E.C.4. CHA. 3709.

GOLDSBROUGH Orchestra. Continuo: Basil Lam. Conductor: Arnold Goldsbrough. First public appearance presented by The Renaissance Society. Chelsea Town Hall, Monday, Nov. 13, at 7.30. Programme will include: Fantasy—a 4 (Gibbons), Harpsichord Concerto in F minor (C. P. E. Bach), Suite (Recorder & Strings) (Telemann), Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 (J. S. Bach), Concerto Grosso in G minor, No. 6 (Handel); Carl Dolmetsch (Recorder); Edgar Hunt (Recorder); Arnold Goldsbrough (Harpsichord); Emmanuel Hurwitz (Violin). 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1.

RUTH Pearl (Violin) and Frederick Page (Piano), Wigmore Hall, Sun., Nov. 12, at 3. Recital of Sonatas by Bach, Lennox Berkeley, Douglas Lilburn (1st perf. in England) & Prokofieff. Tkts: 9s., 6s., 3s.; Hall/Ibbs & Tillett Ltd. 124 Wigmore St. W.1.

PETER Pears. (Presented by The English Opera Group.) Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tues., Nov. 14, at 7.30. Assisted by the London Harpsichord Ensemble. Lesley Duff, Soprano; Maurice Bevan, Baritone. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d. usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Nov. 12, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Martin String Quartet. Stephen Shingles. Haydn B flat, Op. 50, String Quartet. Mozart K.614; Dvorak String Quintets.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents its 122nd Studio Recital at Salle Erard, 68, Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tues., Nov. 14. Chairman: Bernard Stevens. 1st Speaker: Denis Stevens.

DANCE. Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Nov. 11, 7.30 p.m. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Paintings and Watercolours by Alexander Hodgkinson. Nov. 1-25. 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

TROMPE L'Oeil. XVIIth & XVIIIth Century Illusionism. Also recent Paintings by Robert Medley. At the Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. 10-5.30; Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1. Choice Pieces of Sculpture and First London Exhibition by Jacob Bornfriend.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by some members of The Camden Town Group. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

ASIAN Institute, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings and Drawings by F. N. Souza. Until Nov. 25.

FIGURINES Fantastiques (wax modelled) by Lotte Pritzel, first exhibition in London. 10-5, Sat. 10-1. 92 George St., W.1.

FRENCH Master Drawings of the 18th Century at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CLAUDE Monet Exhibition at Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

RAW materials of India—an Exhibition at India House, Aldwych, W.C.2, commencing Nov. 15. Open Mondays to Saturdays from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Adm. free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Stoneware Pottery by Michael Cardew.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Exhibition of "Pointillists and their Period." 10-6, Sat 10-1. Closes Dec. 2.

SCULPTURE by "Bianca"—Princess Loewenstein. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"CAN Disease Be Prevented?" Sir Lionel Whitby, Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge, will give the Sir Charles Hastings Memorial Lecture at B.M.A. House on November 22, 1950, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: Dr. Charles Hill, M.P. Admission free by ticket obtainable from Public Relations Department, B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

R. LOEWENTHAL-Sering. Fri. Nov. 17, 7.30. Der Westen Und Die Deutsche Aufruestung. 1 Broadhurst Gdns. Assoc. German Social-democrats.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Conflict of western and non-western laws" will be delivered by Professor R. D. Kollewijn (Leiden) at 5.30 p.m. on November 17 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

GREAT International Co-operative Peace Meeting at Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, on Thurs., November 16, at 7 p.m. Speakers: Sir Harry Gill (President, International Co-operative Alliance), Jack Bailey (Secretary, Co-operative Party). Admission free. Sponsored by London Co-operative Society, Limited.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum, Thurs., Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m. Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. "A Good Man Among Fabians"—a discussion on George Bernard Shaw. Mrs. Margaret Cole, Hon. Sec. Fabian Soc.; T. A. Jackson, author & critic; Walter Hudd. Adm. 3s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Monday, Nov. 13, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The People & Politics": Mark Abrams (Managing Director of Research Services, Ltd.). Adm. 1s. 6d.

NEW Europe Group Lectures. Nov. 16: "The Threefold Society in British History," The Rev. Oliver Mathews. Nov. 23: "Patrick Geddes, Reason and Rhapsody," F. Y. Thompson. At 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. 7 p.m.

NIETZSCHE. Lectures and readings by Karl Wolfi, Midia Kraus and Wilhelm Unger (in German), Sat., Nov. 11, 4 p.m., at Reading Room, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.6. Arr. by Library of German Language (Reading Room open Sats. from 2-6, adm. 1s.).

33rd Anniversary of the U.S.S.R. Celebration mtg., 3 p.m., Sun., Nov. 12, Empress Hall, S.W.6. Res. tckts., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d., from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (and at door). Doors open 2 p.m.

LINGUAFILM. The new method of learning languages with sound films. Demonstrations every Monday, 3, 6.15 & 8 p.m., at 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Admission 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Nov. 18 at 6 p.m. Monsieur René Lalou: (Alliance Française): "Une année de vie artistique a Paris, 1949-1950."

2ND World Peace Congress. First-hand report from World-famous Peace Spokesmen. Trafalgar Sq., Sunday, Nov. 19, 2 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Peace Council invites all, Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., Nov. 14, 7.30. "Peace and the Atom Bomb." S. O. Davies, M.P. Dr. J. B. Hasted. Admis. 6d.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. November 12: "What Is Theosophy?"

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Nov. 12, S. K. Ratcliffe: "Mysticism—Genuine and Bogus." Adm. free.

MOTIVES and Aims of a Humanist Ethic. (2) Enjoyment and Sacrifice. Virginia Flemming and H. J. Blackham, at the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Bayswater, Sun., November 12, at 6.30.

IS Christianity Dysgenic? The argument for Bachelor Motherhood and Plural Marriage. Edward Wilson, M.D. Non-Reg., Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Mon., Nov. 20, 7.30. Colln. (Bayswater-Q way. Undergnd.)

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m., Mon., Nov. 13. Norman Haire on "Sexual Deviations." Adm. non-members 2s. Enquiries, with stamped addressed envelope, to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Phone: WELbeck 7840.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Special Teachings of Yoga. Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays 1 p.m. Nov. 14. "God & Man." Nov. 21, "Birth, Death and Immortality." Nov. 28, "Spiritual Laws."

SHAW Soc. The Play of Ideas: W. A. Darlington, Benn Levy, Hugh Miller. 57, Dean St., W.1, Nov. 24, 7 p.m. Non-mems., 2s. 6d. Parties: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Public lecture Wed., Nov. 15, 6.30. "Symposium": Bhikkhu U. Thittila, Dr. Graham-Howe, Miss I. B. Horner, Mr. Cyril Moore.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Nov. 14, Doris Chaplin: "The Psychological Approach to Delinquency." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Ernest Jones Lecture. The Members of the British Psycho-Analytical Society invite you to a Lecture entitled "Psychoanalysis and the Problem of Æsthetic Values," which will be given by Herbert Read, D.S.O., M.C., M.A. (Hon.) D.Litt., at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, November 15, 1950, in the Barnes Hall of the Royal Society of Medicine, by kind permission of that Society.

NEHRU Birthday: November 14, 1950. Gathering at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Kingsley Martin. Adm. free. The India League, 47, Strand, W.C.2.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. Nov. 14: Experimental Studies of Personality, Mr. A. R. Jonckheere. Nov. 16: Anatomy and the Graphic Arts, Dr. R. Ashworth Underwood. Nov. 21: The Laws of History, Mr. R. A. Wollheim. Nov. 23: Criticism of the Literature of Science, Mr. B. C. Brookes. Nov. 28: Caesar's Commentaries—Beginners' Text Book or Work of Art?, Mr. A. J. Dunston. Nov. 30: The Resettlement of Finland's Displaced Farmers, Dr. W. R. Mead. Dec. 5: Theories on Prophecy in Medieval Jewish Philosophy, Dr. E. J. Heller. Details of all public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Biological Aspects of War" will be delivered by Professor F. A. E. Crew (Edinburgh) at 5.30 p.m. on November 16, 23 and 30, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq.). Admission free, without ticket.

SAT., Nov. 25-Sun., Nov. 26. Week-end Conference on the Colonial Problem. (Africa & Far East.) Speakers include: Harold Davies, M.P., Rev. Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Fenner Brockway, M.P. For full parties, please apply: Registrar, International People's College, 10 South Bolton Gdns., S.W.5.

FILM Appreciation. British Film Institute Course for teachers, youth leaders and educational organisers. January 3rd-6th (noon) at Y.W.C.A. Central Club, London. Lecturers: Denis Forman, John Huntley, Ernest Lindgren, Roger Manvell, Stanley Reed. The art and history of film production, children and the cinema, teaching method. Films from National Film Library. Morning and afternoon sessions, evenings free. Accommodation for immediate applicants at Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A., Great Russell St., W.C.1. Apply direct. Restaurant on premises. Course fee 30s. Full particulars from Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. (TEM. 1642.)

PENDLEY Manor, Tring. Week-end Courses. Dec. 1-4. Drama and the Amateur: Problems and possibilities for the producer. A course affording practical opportunities, discussion and professional advice. Incl. fee 2gns. 8-11: Country Dancing. A week-end for all who enjoy joining in the old dancing and learning new ones. Expert leadership. Incl. fee: 2gns. Christmas—Dec. 23-27. An old-fashioned Christmas in a traditional country house. Carols, Mummers, Christmas plays. Incl. fee: 4gns. Bursaries for week-end courses may be applied for to Local Authorities. Details from the Secretary. Tring 2302.

VACATION Course on Wool. International Wool Secretariat. Tuesday, January 2, to Mid-day Saturday, January 6 (inclusive), 1951, at the L.C.C. Technical College for the Distributive Trades, London, W.C.2. A non-residential day course arranged by the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat for men and women teachers of history, geography, economics, commerce, arts and crafts, science and domestic science in Primary and Secondary Schools, Technical Schools, Schools of Arts and Crafts, Teachers' Training Colleges, etc. Lectures, supported by films and filmstrips, will be given on: Wool Growths, Wool Marketing, Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture, History and Geography of Wool, Cloth Construction and Judgment. Science of the Wool Fibre—including recent technical developments. Development of Fashions in Wool. There will also be simple laboratory work and demonstrations of hand-spinning, handloom weaving, etc. A certificate will be awarded to students who complete the course satisfactorily. Fee 10s. 6d. For further details and forms of application apply to: P. A. Wells, M.A., M.Sc., F.Inst.P., Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1934. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1